

Wit and Mirth :
O R,
P I L L S
TO PURGE
Melancholy :
B E I N G

A Collection of the best Merry BALLADS
and SONGS, Old and New.

Fitted to all Humours, having each their
proper TUNE for either Voice or Instrument,
many of the SONGS being New Set.

With several New SONGS by Mr. D'Urfey.
The Third Edition with large Additions.
Carefully Corrected.

Vol. III.

L O N D O N: Printed by W. P. and Sold by John
Young, Musical Instrument Seller, at the *Dolphin* and
Crown, the West End of St. Paul's Church. 1712.

Price Bound 2 s. 6 d.

The Publisher to the R E A D E R.

THE PILLS which I publish'd some time since, having had their desired Effect, and been successful in their Operation, by discharging those Distempers from the Reader's Stomach which they were intended to purge off, I could not but think my self oblig'd to compleat his Cure, by giving him something to prevent any Attacks which Melancholy shall make on him for the Future. It's an Epidemical Distemper, and is likely, without some Preservative against it, to grow upon our English Constitutions, as long as Disappointments, Poverty, &c. shall have a Being amongst us. This has induc'd me to employ my continu'd Labours to compose Medicines, which shall not only remove it when it has taken Possession of our Minds, but keep it at such a distance, that it shall be render'd incapable of making any Lodgments in 'em at all. And as my Father before has spared no Cost nor Pains to oblige the Publick, so I shall make it my endeavour to come up to his Example, whatever Disappointments I may meet with, either from the Baseness of some, who pretend to the like Performances, or the Injustice of
rs.

And as for my Pills, I dare avouch 'em to be made up of the best Ingredients, and the greatest
A
variety

The Publisher to the Reader.

variety of things fit to expel Melancholy, as ever was, or ever will be made Publick; and if these second endeavours have the same Success as my first, the World shall be oblig'd with two more such Volumes, as shall make it the most diverting and compleat Collection which is possible any Age can produce. The Words of the Songs which are New, are written by the best Authors, and set to Musick by the best Masters; and those which are Old, have their Rust generally fil'd from 'em, which cannot but make 'em very agreeable. The variety must needs be entertaining to the several Tempers the Buyers are of, the Price of 'em so little, and the Volume so small, that both are proportionable to most People's Pockets, and the design of Publishing 'em so just, that the Reader will soon find, I prefer'd his Satisfaction to my own Interest.

But I detain the Reader, and keep him from the sight of a Treasure, whose Inestimable Compositions need nothing to be said in their Commendation, but are the best Panegyricks to themselves. I shall therefore lay open the rich Cabinet, and leave him to conclude with me, that their Tempers are without hopes of taking satisfaction in any thing of this Nature, who do not give that their Approbation, which has Merit in it enough to recommend it to this Age, and Mirth enough to make it the Entertainment of that which is to come.

To my Friend Mr. Playford; On the Publication
of his Second Book of Pills.

(Surd.)

FRIEND *Harry*, to prove that your thoughts were ab-
For supposing I could not be true to my Word,
According to Promise, which I made long ago
At last I have squeez'd out a Couplet or two
In the praise of your *Pills*, and tho' my Verse late is,
Yet believe it's the first that I ever sent *Gratis*.

By my Soul, I've been us'd so to Bolus and Potion;
That I'm ready to swoon at a Physical Notion;
And if you would lend me, (that's give) a *Jacobus*,
I'm perswaded I could not take Pill *Ex duobus*:
However since yours have no Turpentine flavour,
Nor confine a Man close to his righteous behaviour,
Since no better Ingredients give offence to my Palate;
But they please me like Cheese which is toasted or Salad,
I'll quit making Faces, to write Panegyrick,
Tho' I'm not half so fit for't as *M.* for *Lyrick*.

To begin then, pray take it as *Thomas* his Sentence,
Your *Pills* will near bring one to *Stool* of Repentance
But will chase away Sorrow which will hang on our brows
As a pretty young Girl does a batchelors Vows,

(carriage,

Who at sight of her Beauty, drowns the thoughts of mis-
And Perjur'd, immediately sets up for Marriage.

They're a cure for a Fav'rite who has adled his Senses,
 And has lost our good Word by getting his Princes ;
 The thoughtful good Statesman, who sits a-la-mort,
 Because he's remov'd from the Council and Court,
 At the taste of your Med'cines shall refine up his Grief,
 And bless his Retirement, and bless your Relief.
 All Conditions and Sexes in Country and City,
 From the would be thought Wise, to the really Witty,
 From the Lady who speaks all her Words as in Print,
 And has Eyes which strike Fire like a Steel and a Flint,
 To the Damsel whose Language is coarse as her Skin,
 And who fain would be dabling, but starts at the Sin ;
 As she stares at and covets the thing call'd a Man,
 And she thinks she could do what her Ladiship can :
 From the prodigal Cit, who's a settling the Nation,
 To the poor Country Thrasher, who's as great in his
 (Station,
 From their 'Squireships and Knighthoods, and Lordships
 (and Graces,
 To the Man of no Title, who makes 'em wry Faces :
 All alike shall be purg'd by your Laxative Verses,
 Which shall loosen their Tongues instead of their Arses,
 As they join in the Praises of what I commend,
 And acknowledge you theirs, as I own you my Friend.

London, June
 28. 1700.

T. B.

To

To my Friend, Mr. Playford, on the Publication of his Second Book of Pills, and the Encouragement his first has met with.

TIs hard my Friend in times where Envy reigus,
And Criticks run a Muck at useful Pains,
To please one single Palate or provide
One Dish which shall a Toaster's Taste abide :
Yet have thy Labours with Success been crown'd,
And Malice owns thy Judgment to be sound :
As ev'ry Dish does ev'ry Palate please,
And purges off the dregs of its Disease;
Which nothing like such Treats before endur'd,
Hard to be Pleas'd, but harder to be Cur'd.

And if the Muse is precious of the Fate,
Which does on innocent Diversions wait?
If she can tell by her divining skill,
What's the result of Fortune's Sov'raign will,
This Work of thine, which charms our ears and eyes,
Shall in thy praise, and to thy profit rise.

All shall admire the Beauties, all shall read,
And Mirth and Wit, and Musick shall succeed :
As ev'ry ear shall listen to the Lays,
Which ev'ry Tongue that cannot sing, shall Praise.
The Rich shall buy 'em and the poor shall bear
Thy Pills about 'em, to divert their Care.
The Sick for Diet-drink shall taste thy Strains,
And in their Melody shall lose their Pains :
The Healthy shall thy pleasing Doses take,
To keep 'em well, and for prevention's sake,
While not a College Quack among the tribe,
Need give advice to Kill, or need prescribe,

Since

Since thou canst shew us what they ne'er could find,
Physician to the Body and the Mind.

Go on, my Friend, thy healing Task pursue,
Compleat the Cure of Verse and Musick too ;
Both are debauch'd, and both assistance claim,
From some kind Hand, to vindicate their Fame:
Oh—let thy Father's Vertues call thee forth,
His matchless indefatigable Worth ;
His studied Labours, and his endless Toil,
To perfect what rude Hands now strive to spoil.

Ballads and single Songs are daily born
Their Writer's Infamy, and Reader's Scorn ;
And Hawkers for true Mettle vend their Dross,
Correctly Grav'd by *uncorrected* Cross ;
Who, shameless Coxcomb, daily gives Offence
To Truth, good Manners, Justice, and to Sense ;
Engraving what he cannot truly read,
As he retails the Muse to penny Trade ;
And brings her down from her exalted Seat,
To tempt the foolish People he would Cheat :
Ah ! quickly rise, the weeping Muse invites,
And calls thee to assert her ancient Rights :
Restore her to her Throne, who's born to rule,
And Print till thou hast broke this trifling Fool,
Whose Works are born, (whatever's his Design)
To serve thee as a Foil and set off thine.

William Pittis.

A. N

A N
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The

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

I

The BLACKBIRD: A New SONG.

By Mr. D'U R F E Y.



Room, room, room for a Rover,
Yonder Town's so hot,

I a Country Lover

Bless my Freedom got :

This Celestial Weather

Such enjoyment gives,

We like Birds flock hither,

Browsing on green leaves,

Some who late sat scowling

Publick Cheats to mend,

Study now with Bowling

Each to cheat his Friend.

*Whilst on the Hawthorn Tree, Terry rerry, rerry, rerry, rerry,
rerry, rerry, sings the Blackbird, Oh what a World have we.*

In the Eastern Regions,

Canibals abound,

Eas'd of all Religions,

Man does Man Confound :

But

But our worser Natives
 Here Church-Rules obey;
 Yet like barb'rous Catiffs,
 Gorge up more than they.
 In the Town, hot Follies
 Fools to Faction draw,
 Nonsense, Noise and Malice,
 Passes too for Law,
Whilst in the, &c.

The old Game's again on Trial,
 As our Church-men guess,
 Some write We most Loyal,
 Yet mean nothing less.
 Ev'ry Factionous Tezer,
 Proudly votes his Will,
 Praise be then to *Cæsar*,
 Who sits Patient still,
Chanc'ry wants a Ruler,
 Justice Scales to guid,
S---ts want a Cooler,
 Who like *Febu* Ride.
Whilst on the, &c.

Give me then a Bottle,
Musidora by,
 Wine that warms the Noddle,
 Does all Cares defy.
Sol has entr'd *Aries*
 Summer Sweets do fall,
 Pleasures new and various,
 Let's enjoy 'em all,
 So adiew, State Janglers,
 Our whole Winters Curse;
 Farewel to Law-wranglers,
 That so plague the Purse.
Hark in the, &c.

Bills to Burge Melancholy.

The CUT-PURSE.

By BEN. JOHNSON.



MY Masters and Friends, and good People draw (near,
And look to your Purfes, for that I do fay,
And tho' little Money in them you do wear,
It coft more to get than to lofe in a Day;
You oft have been told
The Young and the Old,
And bidden beware of the Cut-purse fo bold;
Then if you take heed not, free me from the Curfe,
Who give you fair Warning for and the Cut-purse.
Youth, Youth, thou had'ft better been ftarv'd at Nurfe,
Then for to be hang'd for cutting a Purfe.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

It hath been upbraided to Men of my Trade,
That oft-times we are the Cause of this Crime;
Alack and for pity, why should it be said?

As if they regarded or Place or Time:

Examples have been

Of some that were seen

In *Westminster-Hall*, yea, the Pleaders between;
Then why should the *Judges* be free from this Curse,
More than my poor self, for cutting the Purse?

Youth, Youth, &c.

At *Worcester* 'tis known well, and even i'th' *Jayl*,
A Knight of good worth did there shew his Face,
Against the small Sinner in rage for to rail,
And lost *ipso facto*, his Purse i'th' Place;

Nay even from the Seat

Of Judgment so great,

A *Judge* there did loose a fair Purse of Velvet,
O Lord for thy Mercy, how wicked or worse,
Are those that so venture their Necks for a Purse?

Youth, Youth, &c.

At Plays and at Sermons, and at the Sessions,
'Tis daily their Practice such Booties to make;
Yea under the Gallows at Executions,

They stick not, but stare about Purse to take:

Nay, once without Grace,

At a better place,

At Court, and at *Christmas* before the King's Face:
Alack then for pity must I bear the Curse,
That only belong to the cunning Cut-purse?

Youth, Youth, &c.

But oh you vile Nation of Cut-purses all,

Relent and Repent, and amend, and be sound,
And know that you ought not by honest Mens Fall,

To advance your own Fortunes, to die above Ground;

And tho' you go Gay

In Silks, as you may,

It is not the High-way to *Heaven* (they say)
Repent, then Repent ye for better, for worse,
And Kiss not the Gallows for Cutting a Purse.

Youth, Youth, &c.

The MAIDEN's Longing.

To the same Tune.

A Maiden of late,
Whose Name was sweet *Kate*,
She dwelt it *London* near *Aldersgate*;
Now list to my Ditty, declare it I can,
She would have a Child, without help of a Man.

To a Doctor she came,
A Man of Great Fame,
Whose deep Skill in Physick Report did proclaim,
Quoth she, Mr. Doctor shew me if you can,
How I may Conceive without help of a Man.

Then listen, quoth he,
Since so it must be,
This wondrous strange Med'cine I'll shew presently;
Take Nine Pound of Thunder, six Legs of a Swan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

The Wool of a Frog,
The Juice of a Log,
Well Parboil'd together in the Skin of a Hog,
With the Egg of a Moon Calf, if get you can,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man:

The Love of false Harlots,
The Faith of false Varlets,
With the Truth of Decoys that walk in their Scarlets,
And the Feathers of a Lobster well fry'd in a Pan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

Nine drops of Rain,
Brought hither from *Spain*,
With the blast of a Bellows quite over the Main,
With eight Quarts of Brimstone Brew'd in a Beer Cann,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

Six Pottles of Lard
Squeez'd from a Rock hard,
With nine Turkey Eggs, each as long as a Yard,
With a Pudding of Hail-stones well bak'd in a Pan,
And you shall Conceive without help of a Man.

These Med'cines are good,
And approved have stood,
Well temper'd together with a Pottle of Blood,
Squeez'd from a Grasshopper and the Nail of a Swan,
To make Maids Conceive without help of Man.

Upon the PYRAMID.

By Mr. Ratcliffe.

To the same Tune.

MY Masters and Friends, and good People draw near,
For here's a new sight which you must not escape,
A stately young Fabrick that cost very dear,
Renown'd for strait Body and *Barbary* shape ;
A Pyramid much high'r
Than a Steeple or Spire,
By which you may guess there has been a Fire.
Ah *London* th'adst better have built new *Burdello's*,
I' encourage She-Traders and lusty young Fellows.

No sooner the City had lost their old Houses,
But they set up this Monument wonderful Tall ;
Tho' when Christians were Burnt, as *Fox* plainly shew us,
There was nothing set up but his Book in the Hall.
And yet these Men can't
In their Conscience but grant,
That a House is unworthy compar'd to a Saint.
Ah London, &c.

The

The Children of Men in erecting old *Babel*,
To be saved from Water did only desire :
So the City presumes that this young one is able,
When occasion shall serve, to secure them from Fire.
Blowing up when all's done
Preserves best the Town,
But this Hieroglyphic will soon be blown down.
Ah London, &c.

Some say it resembles a Glass fit for Mum,
And think themselves Witty by giving Nick-names :
An Extinguisher too 'tis fancied by some,
As set up on purpose to put out the Flames.
But whatever they shall
This Workmanship call,
Had it never been thought on 'thad been a Save-all.
Ah London, &c.

Some Passengers seem to suspect the Grave City,
As Men not so wise as they shou'd be, or so ;
And oftentimes say, 'tis a great deal of pity
So much Coin shou'd be spent, and so little to show.
But these Men ne'er stop
To pray for going up,
For all that's worth seeing, is when y'are a-top.
Ah London, &c.

But O you proud Nations of Citizens all,
Supposing y'had rear'd but only one Stone,
And on it engrav'd a stupendious Tale,
Of a Conflagration the like was ne'er known :
It had been as good
T'have humour'd the Croud,
And then y'had prevented their Laughing aloud.
Ah London, &c.

Pill to Purge Melancholy.

Three Children sliding on the Thames.

Tune of Chivy Chase.



Some Christian People all give ear
 Unto the Grief of us,
 Caus'd by the Death of three Children dear,
 The which it happen'd thus.

And eke there befel an Accident,
 By fault of a Carpenters Son,
 Who to saw Chips his sharp Ax lent,
 Woe Worth the time, may Lon—

May *London* say, Woe worth the Carpenter,
 And all such Blockhead Fools,
 Would he were hang'd up like a Serpent here,
 For Jestings with Edge tools.

For into the Chips there fell a spark,
 Which put out in such Flames,
 That it was known into *Southwark*,
 Which lives beyond the *Thames*.

For lo the Bridge was wondrous high,
 With Water underneath,
 O'er which as many Fishes fly,
 As Birds therein do breath.

And

And yet the Fire consum'd the Bridge,
Not far from place of Landing,
And tho' the building was full big,
It fell down notwithstanding.

And eke into the Water fell
So many Pewter-dishes,
That a Man might have taken up very well
Both Boyl'd and Roasted Fishes.

And thus the Bridge of *London* Town,
For building that was sumptuous,
Was all by Fire half burnt down,
For being too contemptuous.

And thus you have all but half my Song,
Pray list to what comes after ;
For now I have cool'd you with the Fire,
I'll warm you with the Water.

I'll tell you what the River's Name is,
Where these Children did slide-a,
It was fair *London's* swiftest *Thames*,
That keeps both Time and Tide-a.

All on the Tenth of *January*,
To wonder of much People,
'Twas frozen o'er that well 'twould bear
Almost a Country Steeple.

Three Children sliding thereabout,
Upon a place too thin,
That so at last it did fall out,
That they did all fall in.

A great Lord there was that laid with the King,
And with the King great Wager makes :
But when he saw he could not win,
He sigh'd and would have drawn Stakes.

He said it would bear a Man for to slide,
 And laid a hundred Pound;
 The King said it would break, and so it did,
 For three Children there were drown'd.

Of which one's head was from his Shoulder—
 Ears stricken, whose Name was *John*,
 Who then cry'd out as loud as he could,
O Lon-a Lon-a London.

O tut tut-turn from thy sinful Race:
 Thus did his Speech decay:
 I wonder that in such a Case,
 He had no more to say.

And thus being drown'd *a-lack a-lack*,
 The Water ran down their Throats,
 And stops their Breaths three hours by the Clock
 Before they could get any Boats.

Ye Parents all that Children have,
 And ye that have none yet;
 Preserve your Children from the Grave,
 And teach them at home to sit.

For had these at a Sermon been,
 Or else upon dry Ground,
 Why then I would never have been seen,
 If that they had been drown'd.

Even as a Huntsman ties his Dogs,
 For fear they should go fro him,
 So tie your Children with severities Clogs,
 Unty 'em, and you'll undo 'em.

God bless our Noble Parliament,
 And rid them from all Fears,
 God bless th' Commons of this Land,
 And God bless some o'th' Peers.

PHIL. PORTER's Farewell,

To the same Tune.

Good People all, I pray give ear
My Words concern ye much
I will repeat a Hector's Life;
Pray God ye be not such.

There was a Gallant in the Town,
A brave and jolly Sporter;
There was no Lady in the Land,
But he knew how to Court her.

His Person comely was and tall,
More comely have been few Men,
Which made him well belov'd of Men,
But more belov'd of Women.

Besides all this, I can you tell,
That he was well endowed
With many Graces of the Mind,
Had they been well bestowed.

He was as Liberal as the Sun,
His Gold he freely spent,
Whether it were his own Estate,
Or that it were him lent.

For Valour he a Lyon was,
I say a Lyon bold;
For he no living Man did fear,
That Sword in Hand did hold.

B 5

And

And when that he with glittering Blad
 Did e'er assail his Foes,
 Full well I troe, they did not miss
 Their Belly full of Blows.

A *French* Man once assaulted him,
 And told him that he ly'd,
 For which with Quart-pot he him slew,
 And so the *French* Man dy'd.

Three *Danes*, fix *Germans*, and five *Sweeds*,
 Met him in Lane of *Drury*,
 Who cause they took of him the Wall,
 He kill'd them in his Fury.

Upon his Body wel a-day,
 Full many a Scar he bore,
 His Skin did look like Sattin pinck'd,
 With Gashes many a score.

Oh had he lost that Noble Blood
 For Country's Liberty!
 Where could all *England* then have found
 So brave a Man as he?

But woe is me, these Virtues great,
 Were all eclips'd with Vice,
 Just so the Sun that new shines bright,
 Is darkn'd in a trice.

For he did Swagger, Drink and Game,
 Indeed what would he not;
 His Pfalter and his Catechize
 He utterly forgot.

But he is gone, and we will let
No more of him be said;
They say 'tis naught for to reveal
The Vices of the Dead.

Besides we have some cause to think
That he may 'scape Tormenting;
For the Old Nurse that watch'd with him,
Did say he dy'd Repenting.

The Second P A R T.

Farewell Three Kings, where I have spent
Full many an Idle Hour;
Where oft I won, but never lost,
If 'twere within my Power.

Where the Raw Gallants I did chuse,
Like any *Rag-a-muffin*;
But now I'm sick and cannot play;
Who'll trust me for a Coffin?

Farewell my dearest *Pickadilly*,
Notorious for great Dinners;
Oh what a *Tennis-Court* was there!
Alas! too good for Sinners.

Farewell *Spring-Garden*, where I us'd
To Piss before the Ladies;
Poor Souls! Who'll be their Heelers now,
And get 'em pretty Babies.

Farewel the Glory of *Hide-Park*,
 Which was to me so dear;
 Ah, since I can't enjoy it more,
 Would I were buried there.

Farewel Tormenting Creditors,
 Whose Scores did so perplex me;
 Well! Death I see for something's good,
 For now they'll cease to vex me.

Farewell true Brethren of the Sword,
 All Martial Men and stout;
 Farewel dear Drawer at the *Fleese*,
 I cannot leave thee out.

My time draws on, I now must go
 From this beloved Light;
 Remember me to pretty *Sue*,
 And so dear Friends good Night:

With that on Pillow low he laid
 His pale and drooping Head,
 And straight e'er Cat could lick her Ear,
 Poor *Philly* he was dead.

Now God bless all that will be blest,
 God bless the Inns of Court,
 And God bless *D'Avenant's Opera*,
 Which is the Sport of Sports.

On the DEATH of Jo. Wright.

To the same Tune.

When rith Men die, whose Purfes swell
With Silver and with Gold,
They ftrait fhall have a Monument,
Their Memories t'uphold.

Yet all that Men can fay of them,
They lived fo unknown,
Is but to write upon their Tombs,
Here lieth fuch a one.

When *Joseph Wright*, who died Poor,
(Tho' *Simon* was his Porter)
Shall die as if he ne'er had been,
And want his Worth's Reporter.

Full many a Can he often drank
In *Fleet-street* in the Cellar;
Yet he muft unremember'd die,
Like fome bafe Fortune-teller.

He made the Ballad of the *Turk*,
And fung it in the Street,
And fhall he die, and no Man heed it?
No Friends it is not meet.

He lived in a Garret high,
Not much below the Steple,
And fhall he die, alas poor *Jo*,
Unknown unto the People?

He had a Dog, his Name was *Trot*;
Th' Dog with him did lye;
Shall *obit* live for his Dog's fake,
And *Jo* neglected die?

He had no Curtains to his Bed,
 But yet for t'other Quart
 Goin he would find, and shall he die
 And no Man lay't to Heart?

He hated all the Female Sex,
 Who knew his private Grudge,
 And must he therefore die forgot?
 I leave the World to Judge.

Each *Term* he ask'd his Father Blessing,
 On bended Knee demurely.
 Who then did give him Shillings Ten,
 And must he die obscurely.

No, *Jo*, I'll bid Peace to thy Bones,
 Tho' they were sick and Crasie,
 And must be quite made New again
 Before that Heaven can raise thee.

And since thou'rt gone, and there is none
 Who knoweth were to find thee,
 I'll fix this Truth upon thy Name,
 Thou dost leave Wit behind thee.

Wit that shall make thy Name to last;
 When *Tarlton's* Jests are rotten,
 And *George a-green*, and *Mother Bunch*
 Shall all be quite forgotten.

Now if you ask where *Jo* is gone,
 You think I cannot tell;
 Oh he is blest, for he was Poor,
 And could not go to Hell.

But for his Father, rich in Bags,
 The Devil ought to have him,
 That took no care of such a Son,
 Till 'twas too late to save him.

THE
PALPHRY:
A
FABLE.

To the same Tune.

A *Palfry* proud, prick'd up with Pride,
Went Prancing on the way,
By chance a Mill-horse he espy'd,
At whom he 'gan to Neigh:

And scornfully with great Disdain
The *Palfry* he stood still,
And laugh'd at the silly Horse,
Which carry'd Sacks to Mill.

Stand back, quoth he, thou moyling Ass,
A shame to Beggars kind;
Give place to me, thy Lord, to pass,
Thou Drudge and toiling Hind.

And with these Words he flung his Heels,
And by the Mill-Horse pass'd,
To whom the silly Jade in Field,
Did thus reply at last.

Well, Well, quoth he, with Mournful Mind,
Full little know'st thou yet,
E'er that thou come unto thy end,
Who on thy back shall sit.

When I was young, as thou art now,
Full little did I care,
And never thought upon these Sacks,
Which now to Mill I bear.

I could both Manage, Stop and Turn,
Curvet, and bravely Fling:
As Tilts and Turnaments I serv'd,
Likewise to run a Race at Ring.

Then was I fed with Corn and Hay,
And had each thing at Will,
But when my strength did wear away,
I fold was to the Mill.

And thou which proudly here dost Prance,
And giv'st no Man the Way,
Full little dost thou know how soon
Thou shalt come to decay.

Thy Master's Stable is no Grange,
Boast not therefore of Strength,
Yet not so constant is by chance,
As thou shalt find at length.

Bucephalus upon his Back
A Mighty Monarch bore,
When he had spent his fresh green Youth,
The Dogs his Flesh did tear.

A Horse, a Hound, a Hawk, a Man,
Serve but their youthful Prime,
Therefore take heed if thou be wise,
Lay hold while it is time.

Trust not then to after Wou'ds,
Gape not for had I list,
Ten Birds on Wing are not so good
As one upon the Fist.

With store of Shells in Pease-cod time
Before thou shalt be fed,
With fair Words and sweet ones too,
Before thou shalt be led.

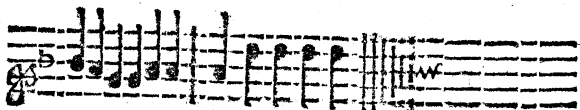
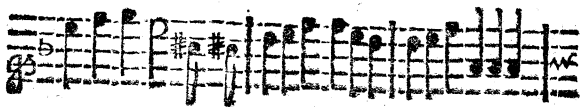
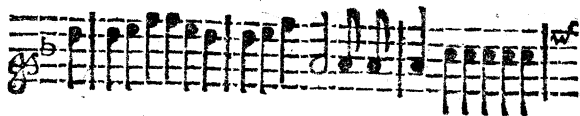
And when thy strength does wear away,
And Beauty 'gins to fade,
Away then with this doating Ass,
He serveth for the Spade.

Lo here you lusty Lads to learn,
Under a Caveat told,
That younglings spend their fresh green Youth,
Not thinking to be old.

Therefore hoist not your Sails too high,
Disdain not simple Will,
For many a sturdy Horse e'er now,
Hath carried Sacks to Mill.

The Royal REGIMENT.

By Jo. Haynes.



I'LL sing in the Praise, if you'll lend but an Ear,
 Of the fierce Royal Regiment, but don't think I Jeer;
 For I vow and protest, they're as brave Men and willing
 As ever old Rome bred, or new *Iniskilling*.

Lord, had you but seen 'em March with that Decorum;
 That no *Roman* Triumph cou'd e'er go before 'em.
 Some Smoaking, some Whistling, all meaning no Harm,
 Like *Yorkshire* Attorneys, coming up to the Term.

On Long-tails, on Bob-tails, on Trotters and Pacers,
 On Pads, Hawkers, Hunters, on Higlers and Racers,
 You'd have sworn Knights and Squires, Prigs, Cuckolds,
 (and Panders,
 Appear'd all like so many brave *Alexanders*.

Those

Those Warriours who through all Dangers must go,
Most bravely despising Blood, Battle and Foe;
Was mounted on Steeds the last Lord-Mayor's day,
From *Turkey, Spain, Barbary, Coach, Cart and Dray.*

'Twas that very day their high Prowess was shown,
In guarding the King through the Fire-works o'th Town;
Tho' Sparks were Unhorst, and their lac'd Coats were
(spoild,
Yet they dreaded no Squibs from Man, Woman, or Child.

The Cornet whose Nose, tho' it spoke him no *Roman*,
Was mounted that day on a Horse fearing no Man;
No wonder, for all o'er his Trappings so Sumptuous,
He'd ty'd Squibs and Crackers; 'twas mighty Presump-
(tious.

But mark his Design, faith 'tis worth your Admiring,
'Twas to let the Queen see how his Horse wou'd stand
(Firing:
Not wisely considering Her Majesty's Marry'd,
And he had been Hang'd, had some body Miscarry'd.

All Hearts true as Steel; but of all the brave fellows,
The Scriv'ner for my Money, who was so Zealous,
He sent for the Lease of own House from home,
To make out a Cov'ring for the Troop's Kettle-Drum.

The Lieutenant Colonel being thrown by a Gennet,
His Son-in-law fancying some Treachery in it,
Gave the Horse the Oats, which the Beast took they say,
But swore by the Lord they went down like chopt Hay.

He the Horse of some *Irish* Papist did buy,
So doubting, as well he might, his Loyalty,
He made him to eat with his Oats Gunpowdero,
And prance to the Tune of old *Lilly-burlero.*

The

The Tub-preaching Saint was so Zealous a Blade,
 In Jack-Boots day and night he Slept, Preach'd & Pray'd:
 To call 'em to Prayers he needs no Saints Bell,
 For gingling his Spurs Chimes 'em all in as well.

A noble stout Scriv'ner, who now shall be Nameless,
 That in Day of Battle he might be found Blameless,
 A War-Horse of Wood of a Duch Carver buys,
 To learn with more safety the Horse Exercise.

With one Eye on's Honour, the other on Gain,
 He fixes a Desk on *Bucephalus's* Main,
 That so by this means he his Prancer bestriding,
 Might practise at once his Writing and Riding.

But Oh the sad News that their Joy quite confounds,
 To *Ireland* their own like the last Trumpet sounds.
 Lord, Lord, how this set them a writting Petitions,
 And thinking of nothing but Terms and Conditions.

Ah who'll March for me? Speak any that dare,
 Here's a Horse and a hundred Pound for him, that's fair.
 Dear Courtier excuse me from *Teagua-land* and Slaughter,
 And take which you please, Sir, my Wife or my Daughter,
 (Clapt,
 Some feign'd themselves Lame, some feign'd themselves
 At last finding all themselves by themselves Trapt,
 The King most unanimously they Address,
 And told him the Truth, it was all but a Jest.

A Jest, quoth the King, and with that the King smil'd,
 Come it ne'er shall be said that a good Jest was spoil'd,
 Therefore I Dismiss you, in Peace all depart,
 Sir, 'tis more your goodness, than our desert.

Thus being deliver'd from th' tedious Vexation,
 Of being Defenders of this or that Nation,
 They kis'd Royal Fist and were Drunk all for Joy,
 Then broke all their Swords, and cry'd, *Vive le Roy.*

A sad and lamentable Account of an unhappy Accident that befell a young Gentleman, by a Fall from his Horse, whereby he most dangerously hurt his Nose and Chin.

The Words by Mr. Fishburn.



Come listen, good People, the whilst I relate,
 An Accident most Unfortunate,
 Of a Horse and a Gentleman, and a sad Fate,
Which Nobody can deny.

Then first of the First, says the Country Parson,
 It was a Mad Beast as e'er was clap'd Arse on,
 And he would run furiously like a *Mars* on.
Which Nobody, &c.

It was not an Horse, nor a Mire, but a Gelding,
 A Run-away Beast that will not be held in;
 To say the Truth, 'twas a very Heilding.
Which Nobody, &c.

To tell you his Colour, his Age, or his Feature,
At what he was Rated, or what was his Stature,
Why faith 'twould be something besides our Matter.

Which Nobody, &c.

But now to proceed something faster,
And tell you the Cause of this sad Disaster,
Ay and how this Horse did serve his Master.

Which Nobody, &c.

As this Horse and his Master were going to Bed,
(The Master and Horse, I should have said)
Away ran this Horse as if he had fled.

Which Nobody, &c.

Onwards went *Pegasus*, there let him stray,
Off went the Gentleman, there let him lay,
For this Beast had not the good Manners to stay.

Which Nobody, &c.

Then an angry Charioteer did approach, (Coach,
With a Pox take your Worship, you have spoil'd the
Which was before as sound as a Roach.

Which Nobody, &c.

But the Lady in milder Terms did begin,
With alas good Gentleman, pray have him in,
Lord how he has hurt his Nose and his Chin.

Which Nobody, &c.

And when they had set him down in a Chair,
They all of his Life began to despair,
At length they did venture to put up this Prayer.

Which Nobody, &c.

*O thou that Preserv'st us at Bed and Board,
Some help to this dying Man afford,
For our Squire we fear, is as Drunk as a Lord.*

Which Nobody, &c.

*But then came a Couple, I took 'em for Dray-men,
But they prov'd a brace of your praying Lay-Men,
The one cry'd God bless him, the other said Amen.*

Which Nobody, &c.

*Then a Pox of your Praying, crys out a Painter,
Unless you had a prevailing Saint here,
Such Whining's enough to make a Man Faint here.*

Which Nobody, &c.

*Then first he did wisely examin his Skull,
His Legs and his Arms he next did pull,
Which made this Calf roar out like a Bull.*

Which Nobody, &c.

*At Portsmouth there lately did land an *Hamburgeon*,
Who eat Pickl'd Dog, and took it for Sturgeon,
So we had a Painter instead of a Surgeon.*

Which Nobody, &c.

*But then came a Lawyer to make up the round,
And he to the Purpose a Proverb had found,
He that's born to be Hang'd shall never be Drown'd.*

Which Nobody, &c.

*Then came some old Women to make up the Ditty,
With alas good Gentleman, Faith 'twas a Pity,
He was the prettiest Man in all the City.*

Which Nobody, &c.

*The TRIMMER.**To the same Tune.*

PRAY lend me your Ear, if you've any to spare,
 You that love Common-wealth as you hate Com-
 (mon Prayer,
 That can in a Breath, Pray, Dissemble and Swear.
Which Nobody can deny.

I'm first on the wrong-side, and then on the right,
 To Day I'm a *Jack*, and to Morrow a--mite,
 I for either King Pray, but for neither dare Fight.
Which Nobody, &c.

Sometimes I'm a Rebel, sometimes I'm a Saint,
 Sometimes I can Preach, and at other times Cant;
 There is nothing but Grace I thank God that I want.
Which Nobody, &c.

Old *Babylon's Whore*, I cannot endure her,
 I'm a Sanctify'd Saint, there's none can be Purer,
 For Swearing I hate like any *non Furor*.
Which Nobody, &c.

Of our Gracious King *William* I am a great Lover,
 Yet I side with a Party that Prays for another,
 I'd drink the King's Health, take it one way or t'other.
Which Nobody, &c.

Precisely I creep like a Snail to the Meeting,
 Where Sighing I sit, and such sorrowful Greeting,
 Makes me hate a long Prayer and two hours Prating.
Which Nobody, &c.

And

And then I sing Psalms as if never weary,
Yet I must confess, when I'm Frolick and Merry;
More Musick I find in *A Boat to the Ferry.*

Which Nobody, &c.

I can pledge ev'ry Health my Companions drink round;
I can say, Heavens bless, or the Devil Confound;
I can hold with the Hare, and run with the Hound.

Which Nobody, &c.

I can Pray for a Bishop, and Curse an Arch-Deacon,
I can seem very sorry that *Charleroy's* Taken;
I can any thing say to save my own Bacon.

Which Nobody, &c.

Sometimes for a Good Common-wealth I am wishing.
O Oliver, Oliver, give us thy Blessing,
For in troubled Waters now I love Fishing.

Which Nobody, &c.

The Times are so ticklish I vow and profess,
I know not which Party or Cause to embrace;
I'll side with those to be sure that are least in Distress.

Which Nobody, &c.

With the *Jacks* I rejoyce that *Savoy's* defeated,
With the *Whigs* I seem pleas'd he so bravely Retreated,
Friends and Foes are by me both equally treated.

Which Nobody, &c.

Each Party you see, is thus full of great Hope,
There are some for the Devil, and some for the Pope,
And I am for any thing, but for a Rope.

Which Nobody, &c.

A Ballad call'd the GREEN-GOWN.



P An leave Piping, the Gods have done Feasting,
 There's never a Goddess a Hunting to day;
 Mortals marvel at *Coridon's* Jestings,
 That gives the assistance to entertain *May*.
 The Lads and the Lasses, with Scarves on their Faces,
 So lively as passies, trip over the Downs:
 Much mirth and sport they make, running at *Barley-break*;
 Lord what haste they make for a *Green-Gown*!

John with *Gillan*, *Harry* with *Frances*.
Meg and *Mary*, with *Robin* and *Will*,
George and *Margery* lead all the Dances,
 For they were reported to have the best Skill:
 But *Cicily* and *Nancy*, the Fairest of many,
 That came last of any from out of the Towns,
 Quickly got in among the midst of all the Throng,
 They so much did long for their *Green-Gowns*.

Wanton *Deborah* whispered with *Dorothy*,
That she would wink upon *Richard* and *Sym*,
Mincing *Maudlin* shew'd her Authority,
And in the Quarrel would venture a Limb.
But *Sibel* was sickly, and could not come quickly,
And therefore was likely to fall in a Swoon,
Tib would not tarry for *Tom*, nor for *Harry*,
Left *Christian* should carry away the Green-Gown.

Blanch and *Bettrice* both of a Family,
Came very lazy lagging behind;
Annise and *Aimable* noting their Policy,
Epid is cunning, although he be blind:
But *Winny* the Witty, that came from the City,
With *Parnel* the pretty, and *Besse* the Brown;
Clem, *Foan*, and *Isabel*, *Sue*, *Alice* and bonny *Nell*,
Travell'd exceedingly for a Green-Gown.

Now the Youngsters had reach'd the green Meadow,
Where they intended to gather their May.
Some in the Sun-shine, some in the Shadow,
Singled in Couples did fall to their Play;
But constant *Penelope*, *Faith*, *Hope* and *Charity*,
Look'd very modestly, yet they lay down;
And *Prudence* prevented what *Rachel* repented,
And *Kate* was contented to take a Green-Gown.

Then they desired to know of a Truth
If all their Fellows were in the like Case,
Nem call'd for *Ede*, and *Ede* for *Ruth*,
Ruth for *Marcy*, and *Marcy* for *Grace*;
But there was no speaking, they answer'd with squeaking,
The pretty Lass breaking the head of the Clown;
But some were wooing, while others were doing,
Yet all their going was for a Green-Gown.

Bright *Apollo* was all this while peeping,
 To see if his *Daphne* had been in the Throng,
 But missing her hastily downwards was creeping,
 For *Thetis* imagin'd he tarried too long.
 Then all the Troop mourned and homeward returned,
 For *Cynthia* scorned to smile. or to frown:
 Thus they did gather May, all the long Summer-day,
 And at Night went away with a Green-Gown.

*The Ballad of King John and the Abbot of
 Canterbury.*



I'll tell you a Story, a Story anon,
 Of a Noble Prince, and his Name was King John,
 For he was a Prince, a Prince of great might,
 He held up great wrongs, and he put down great Right,
 Derry down, down, hey derry down,

I'll tell you a Story, a Story so merry,
Concerning the Abbot of *Canterbury*,
And of his House-keeping and high Renown,
Which made him repair to fair *London Town*.
Derry down, &c.

How now, Brother Abbot! 'tis told unto me,
That thou keep'st a far better House than I,
And for thy House-keeping and high Renown,
I fear thou hast Treason against my Crown.
Derry down, &c.

I hope my Liege, that you owe me no Grudge,
For spending of my true gotten Goods.
If thou dost not answer me Questions Three,
Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body.
Derry down, &c.

When I am set on my Steed so high,
With my Crown of Gold upon my Head,
Amongst all my Nobility, with Joy and much mirth;
Thou must tell to one Penny what I am Worth.
Derry down, &c.

And the next Question you must not flout,
How long I shall be riding the World about?
And the third Question thou must not shrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think.
Derry down, &c.

O These are hard Questions for my shallow-Wit,
For I cannot answer your Grace as yet:
But if you will give me three days space,
I'll do my Endeavour to answer your Grace.
Derry down, &c.

O three Days space I will thee give,
 For that is the longest day thou hast to live,
 And if thou dost not answer these Questions right,
 Thy Head shall be taken from thy Body quite.

Derry down, &c.

And as the Shepherd was going to his Fold,
 He spy'd the old Abbot come riding along,
 How now Master Abbot, you're welcome home,
 What News have you brought from good King *John*.

Derry down, &c.

Sad News, sad News, I have thee to give,
 For I have but three Days space for to live ;
 If I do not answer him Questions three,
 My Head will be taken from my Body .

Derry down, &c.

When he is set on his Steed so high,
 With his Crown of Gold upon his Head,
 Amongst all his Nobility, with Joy and much Mirth,
 I must tell him to one Penny what he is worth :

Derry down, &c.

And the next Question I must not flout,
 How long he shall be riding the World about :
 And the third Question I must not shrink,
 But tell to him truly what he does Think.

Derry down, &c.

O Master did you never hear it yet,
 That a Fool may learn a Wise Man Wit?
 Lend me but your Horse and your Apparel,
 I'll ride to fair *London* and answer the Quarrel.

Derry down, &c.

Now I am set on my Steed so high,
 With my Crown of Gold upon my Head,

Among

Amongst all my Nobility, with Joy and much Mirth,
Now tell me to one Penny what I am worth;
Derry down, &c.

For Thirty pence our Saviour was sold,
Amongst the false Jews, as you have been told,
And Nine and Twenty's the Worth of thee,
For I think thou art one Penny worser than he;
Derry down, &c.

And the next Question thou maist not flout,
How long I shall be riding the World about?
You must rise with the Sun and ride with the same,
Until the next Morning he rises again;
And then I am sure, you will make no doubt,
But in twenty four hours you'll ride it about;
Derry Down, &c.

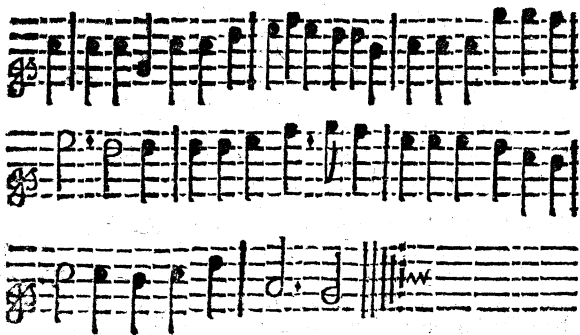
And the third Question thou must not shrink,
But tell to me truly what I do think?
All that I can do, and 'twill make your Heart Merry,
For you think I'm the Abbot of *Canterbury*,
But I'm his poor Shepherd as you may see,
And am come to beg Pardon for he and for me,
Derry down, &c.

The King he turn'd him about, and did smile,
Saying thou shalt be Abbot the other while.
O no my Grace, there is no such need,
For I can neither Write nor Read.
Derry down, &c.

Then four Pounds a Week will I give unto thee,
For this merry true Jest thou hast told unto me;
And tell the old Abbot when thou comest home,
Thou hast brought him a Pardon from good King *John*,
Derry down, &c.

*The CATHOLICK BALLAD: Or, An
Invitation to Popery, upon Considerable Grounds
and Reasons.*

To the Tune of Eighty Eight.



Since *Pop'ry* of late is so much in Debate,
And great strivings have been to restore it,
I cannot forbear only to declare,
That the Ballad-makers are for it.

We'll dispute it no more, these Heretical Men
Have expos'd our Books unto Laughter,
So that many do say 'twill be our best way
To sing for the Cause hereafter.

O the Catholick Cause! now assist me my Muse,
How earnestly I do desire thee!
Neither will I Pray to *Sr. Bridget* to day,
But only to thee to inspire me.

Whence should Purity come, but from Catholick *Rome*?
I wonder much at your Folly;
For *St. Peter* was there, and left an old Chair,
Enough to make all the World Holy.

For this Sacred old Wood is so excellent good,
If Tradition may be believed,
That whoever sits there, needs never more fear
The danger of being Deceived.

If the Devil himself should (*God bless us*) get up,
Tho' his Nature we know to be Evil,
Yet whilst he sat there, as divers will swear,
He would be an infallible Devil.

Now who sits in this Seat, but our Father the Pope?
So that here's a plain Demonstration,
As clear as Noon-day we're in the right way,
And all others are doom'd to Damnation.

If this will not suffice, yet to open your Eyes,
Which are blinded in bad Education,
We have Arguments twenty and Miracles plenty,
Enough to conviace a whole Nation,

If you give but good heed, you shall see the Host bleed,
And if any thing can perswade ye,
An Image shall speak, or at least it shall squeak
In the honour of our Lady.

You shall see without doubt, the Devil cast out,
As of old by *Erra Pater*;
He shall skip about and tear, like a Dancing-bear,
When he feels the Holy Water.

If yet doubtful you are, we have Relicks most rare,
 We can shew you the Sacred Manger,
 Several loads of the Cross, as good as e'er was,
 To preserve your Souls from Danger.

Should I tell you of all, it would move a stone-wall,
 But I spare you a little for pity,
 That each one may prepare and rub up his Ear
 For the Second Part of my Ditty.

The Second Part. To the same Tune.

NOW listen again to those things that remain,
 They are matters of weight I assure you,
 And the first thing I say, throw your Bibles away;
 'Tis impossible else for to Cure you.

O that Pestilent Book! Never on it more look,
 I wish I could speak it out louder;
 It has done more Men harm, I dare boldly affirm,
 Than th' Invention of Guns and Powder.

As for Matters of Faith, believe what the Church saith,
 But for Scripture leave that to the Learned,
 For these are edge Tools, and you Lay-men are Fools,
 If ye touch them y'are sure to be harmed.

But pray what is it for that you make all this stir?
 You must read, you must hear and be Learned:
 If you'll be on our part, we will teach you an Art,
 That you need not be so much concerned.

Be the Church's good Son, and your work is half done;
 After that you may do your own pleasure:
 If your Beads you can tell, and say *Ave Mary* well,
 Never doubt of the Heavenly Treasure.

For the Pope keeps the Keys, and can do what he please,
And without all peradventure,
If you cannot at the fore, yet at the Back-door
Of Indulgence you may enter.

But first, by the way, you must make a short stay,
At a Place call *Purgatory*,
Which the Learned us tell, in the Buildings of Hell,
Is about the middlemost Story.

'Tis a monstrous hot place, and a mark of disgrace
In the torment on't long to endure?
None are kept there but Fools, and poor pitiful Souls,
Who can no ready Money procure.

For a handsome round Sum, you may quickly be gone,
For the Church has wisely Ordain'd,
That they who build Crosses, and pay well for Masses,
Should not there be too long detain'd.

So that 'tis a plain Case, as the Nose on ones Face,
We are in the surest Condition,
And none but poor Fools and some niggardly Owls,
Need fall into utter Perdition.

What aileth you then, O ye great and rich Men,
That you will not hearken to Reason;
Since as long as y'have Pence, ye need scruple no Offence,
Be it Murder, Adultry, or Treason.

And ye sweet natur'd Women, who hold all things com^(mon),
My Addresses to you are most hearty,
And to give you your due, you are to us most true,
And we hope we shall gain the whole party.

If you happen to fall, your Penance shall be small,
And although you cannot forgo it,
We have for you a cure, if of this you be sure
To confess before you go to it.

There is one Reason yet, which I cannot omit,
 To those who affect the *French* Nation:
 Hereby we advance the Religion of *France*,
 The Religion that's only in Fashion.

If these Reasons prevail, (as how can they fail?)
 To have Popery entertain'd,
 You cannot conceive, and will hardly believe,
 What benefits hence may be gain'd.

For the *Pope* shall us bless, (that's no small happiness)
 And again we shall see restor'd
 The *Italian* Trade, which formerly made
 This Land to be so much Ador'd.

O the Pictures and Rings, the Beads and fine things,
 The good Words as sweet as Honey,
 All this and much more shall be brought to our door,
 For a little dull *English* Money.

Then shall Justice and Love, and what can move,
 Be restor'd again to our *Britain*,
 And learning so common, that every old Woman
 Shall say her Prayers in Latin.

Then the Church shall bear sway, and the State shall obey,
 Which is now look'd upon as a Wonder,
 And the proudest of Kings and all temporal things
 Shall submit and truckle under.

And the Parliament too, who have tak'n us to do
 And have handled us with so much Terror,
 May chance on that score ('tis no time to say more)
 They may chance to acknowledge their Error.

If any Man yet shall have so little Wit,
 As still to be Refractory,
 I swear by the Mass, he is a meer Ass,
 And so there's an end of a Story.

Sir FRANCIS DRAKE: Or, Eighty
Eight.*To the same Tune.*

SOME Years of late, in Eighty Eight,
As I do well remember-a ;
It was, some say, on the Ninth of May,
And some say in September-a.

The *Spanish* Train launch'd forth a-main
With many a fine Bravado,
Whereas they thought, but it prov'd nought,
The Invincible *Armado*.

There was a little Man that dwelt in *Spain*,
That shot well in a Gun-a,
Don Pedro height, as black a Wight,
As the Knight of the Sun-a.

King *Philip* made him Admiral,
And bad him not to stay-a,
But to destroy both Man and Boy,
And so to come away-a.
The Queen was then at *Tilbury*,
What could we more desire-a,
Sir *Francis Drake*, for her sweet sake,
Did set 'em all on Fire-a.

Away they ran by Sea and Land,
So that one Man flew Three score-a ;
And had not they all run away,
O my Soul, we had killed more-a.

Then

Then let them neither Brag nor Boast,
 For if they come again-a,
 Let them take heed they do not speed
 As they did they knew when-a

A Ballad called, The Jovial Bear-ward.

To the same Tune.

THo' it may seem rude
 For me to intrude
 With these my Bears by chance-a.
 'Twere sport for a King,
 If they could sing
 As well as they can dance-a.

Then to put you out
 Of fear or doubt,
 I came from St. Katharin a,
 These dancing Three,
 By the help of me,
 Who am keeper of the Sign-a.

We sell good Ware,
 And we need not care
 Tho' Court and Country knew it,
 Our Ale's o'th' best,
 And each good Guest
 Prays for their Souls that Brew it.

For any Ale-house,
 We care not a Louse,
 Nor Tavern in all the Town-a,

Nor

Nor the *Vintry Cranes*,
Nor *St. Clement Danes*,
Nor the Devil can put us down-a.

Who has once here been,
Comes hither agen,
The Liquor is so mighty;
Beer strong and stale,
And so is our Ale,
And it burns like *Aqua Vita*.

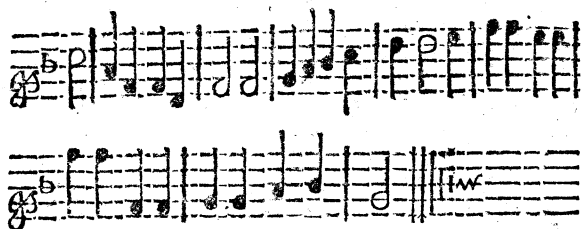
The Wives of *Wapping*,
They trudge to our Tapping,
And still our Ale desire-a,
and there sit and drink,
Till they spew and stink,
And often piss out the Fire-a.

From Morning to Night,
And about to day-light,
They sit, and never grudge it,
Till the Fish-Wives join
Their single Coin,
And the Tinker pawns his Budget..

If their brains be not well.
Or Bladders do swell,
To ease them of their Burden,
My Lady will come
With a Bowl and a Broom,
And her Hand-maid with a Jourdan!

From Court we invite
Lord, Lady and Knight,
Squire, Gentlemen, Yeomen and Groom,
And all our stiff drinkers,
Smiths, Porters and Tinkers,
And the Beggars shall give you room.

A S O N G.



O *H, London* is a fine Town, and a gallant City,
 'Tis Govern'd by the Scarlet Gown, come listen to
 (my Ditty.

This City has a Mayor, this Mayor is a Lord,
 He Governeth the Citizens upon his own accord.
 He boasteth his Gentility, and how Nobly he was born,
 His Arms are three *Ox-heads*, and his Crest a *rampant Horn*

The first Journey his Lordship takes, is to *Westminster-hall*.
 Attended by twelve Companies, for he must have 'em all;
 (the best,

The Barges are made all fine and gay, for his Lordship and
 And Dung-boats and Lyters provided for the rest.

Then at the *Exchequer* he's sworn upon a Shoe-sole,
 That he will be no wiser Man than was his Brother Jo-
 (beriol.

The Sword is born before 'em up and down the Stairs,
 To Fright away the little Boys that laugh at our Lord
 Mayors.

And

And when that is ended, home again he comes, (Drums.
With joyful Noise upon the *Thames* of Trumpets and of
His Lordship land's at *Paul's-Wharf*, and on along he jogs,
Attended by his Companies, as hungry as any Dogs.

Then in comes the Carver, and boldly falls to work,
With Knife like Scimiter as fierce as any *Turk*;
He hit upon the Goose-bone, and turn'd both edge and
(point :
Till he look'd upon my Lord-Mayor, he couk not hit the
(Joint.

Then up came Custard with twenty four Nukes,
As you may find recorded in *John Stow's Books*,
And why it was so big, if you would know the reason,
It was to keep their Chaps at work that would be prating
(Treason.

Then they go to *Greenwich* all in the City Barge,
And there they have a Noble Treat all at the City Charge,
And when they come to *Cuckold's-Point*, they make a
(gallant shew,
Their Wives bid the Musick play *Cuckolds-all-a-row*.

Then they go to *Paul's Church* e'er Morning-Prayer
(begins,
And as they go along the Street, they stoop to pick up
(Pins;
But if you'd know, I'll tell you the Moral Reason of it,
They that would to Riches grow, must stoop for little
(Profit.

My Lord-Mayor rides along the Street like unto a Law-
(maker,
With forty Catch-poles at his Arse, to Prosecute the
(Baker.

And

And when he comes to the Baker's Stall and finds his
 (Bread too light,
 He sends it home to his own House, to feast both Lord
 (and Knight.

Then to the Sessions-House they go, the Sessions there to
 (keep,
 Until that the Recorder comes they all are fast-a-sleep.
 They call up their Juries by Twelves and by Twelves,
 And if they hang up no Man, they may go hang them-
 (selves.

So then they borrow Boots and Spurs, and out of Town
 (they ride,

To see the Bears baited on the Bank-side.
 And when that they have done, they all return again
 Like so many Apes, with each his Golden-Chain.

Then to hear a Sermon once a Year, he rides unto the
 (Spittle,
 And there sits full three hours long, and brings away
 (but little;
 And when that he comes home, he sits down at his Board,
 And if he has not Minc'd Pyes, his Cheeg's not worth a
 (Tur'd.

My Lady says unto my Lord when all the Guests are
 (gone,
 I do intend to Morrow next to invite my Firend Sir *John*,
 For I don't think it fit always to have Trades-men,
 I pray therefore let me rub in a Courtier now and then.

(have,
 My Lady boldly ask'd my Lord, what dishes she should
 To entertaain her Friend Sir *John*, that was so fine and
 (brave.

My

My Lord he nam'd a *Calves-head*, at which she made a
(Pish,
And swore she'd have a *Turkey-Cock*, for she lov'd a stand-
(ing dish.

Next once a year into *Essex* a Hunting they do go;
To see 'em pass along, O 'tis a most pretty show:
Through *Cheap-side* and *Fenchurch-street*, and so to *Ald-*
(gate Pump,
Each Man with's Spurs in's Horses sides, and his Back-
(Sword cross his Rump.

My Lord he takes a Staff in Hand, to beat the Bushes o'er,
I must confess it was a work he ne'er had done before;
A Creature bounceth from a Bush, which made them all
(to Laugh,
My Lord he cry'd a Hare, a Hare, but it prov'd an *Essex*
(Calf.

And when they had done their Sport, they came to *Lon-*
(don, where they dwell,
Their Faces all so torn and scratch'd, their Wives scarce
(knew them well;
For 'twas a very great Mercy so many scap'd alive,
For of twenty Saddles carried out, they brought again
(but five.

A SONG

A S O N G.



A Rise, arise, my Juggy, my Puggy;
 Arise, get up my Dear;
 The Night is cold,
 It bloweth, it Snoweth,
I must be lodged here.

My Juggy, my Puggy;
 My Honey, my Bunny,
 My Love, my Dove, my Dear,
 O the Night is cold,
 It Bloweth, it Snoweth,
I must be lodged here.

Be gone, be gone, my Focky, my Focky,
 Be gone, be gone, my Dear,
 The Night is warm.
 'Twill do you no harm;
 You cannot be lodged here :

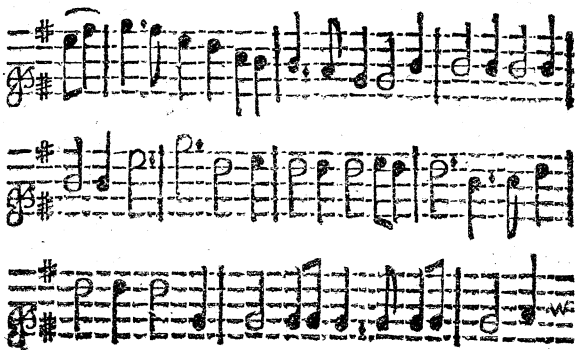
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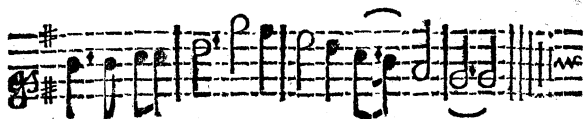
My Focky, my Focky
 My Willy, my Billy,
 My Joy, my Joy, my Dear ;
O the Night it is warm, &c.

Farewel, farewel, my Juggy, my Puggy,
 Farewel my Love and Dear.
 Now will I be gone from whence I come.
 If I cannot be Lodged here,
My Fuggy, &c.

Return, return, my Willy my Billy,
 Return my Love and Dear,
 The Weather doth change,
 Then seem not strange,
 Thou shalt be Lodged here,
My Focky, &c.

A SONG to curb rising Thoughts.





THere was an old Woman who had but one Son,
 And he had neither Land nor Fee ;
 He took great Pains,
 But got little Gains,
 Yet fain a Landlord he would be.
With a fadaridle la, fa la da riddle la, fa la la fa la la re.

And as he was a going home,
 He met his old Mother upon the High-way,
 O Mother, quoth he,
 Your Blessing grant me,
 Thus the Son to the Mother did say.
With a fa, &c.

I ha' begg'd Butter-milk all this long day,
 But I hope I shan't be a Beggar long,
 For I've more Wit come into this Pate,
 Then e'er I had when I was Young.
With a fa, &c.

This Butter-milk I will it sell,
 A Penny for it I shall have you shall see,
 With that Penny I will buy me some Eggs,
 I shall have seven for my Penny.
With a fa, &c.

And those seven Eggs I'll set under a Hen,
 Perhaps seven Cocks they may chance for to be,
 And when those seven Cocks are seven Capons,
 There will be seven Half-Crowns for me.
With a fa, &c.

But as he was a going home,
Accounting up of his Riches all,
His Foot it stumbled against a Sone,
Down came Butter-milk Pitcher and all.

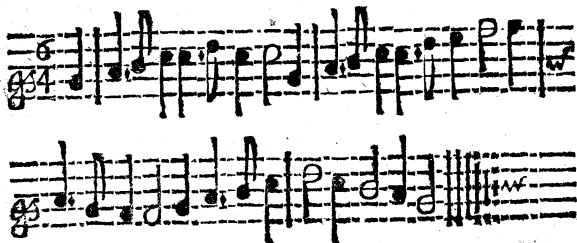
With a Fa, &c.

Chorus.

*His Pitcher was broke, and his Eggs were dispatch'd,
This 'tis to count Chickens before they are Hatch'd.*

With a Fa da. &c.

The Reformed Drinker.



Come my Hearts of Gold,
Let us be merry and wise;
It is a Proverb of Old,
Suspicion hath bouble Eyes:
Whatsoever we say or do,
Let's not drink to disturb the Brain,
Let's Laugh for an hour or two,
And ne'er be Drunk again.

A Cup of old Sack is good,
To drive the Cold Winter away,
I will Cherish and Comfort the Blood
Most when a Man's Spirits decay;

But he that doth drink too much,
Of his Head he will complain;
Then let's have a gentle touch,
And never be Drunk again.

Good Claret was made for Man,
But Man was not made for it,
Let's be Merry as we can,
So we drink not away our Wit:
Good Fellowship is abus'd,
And Wine will infect the Brain,
But we'll have it better us'd
And ne'er will be Drunk again.

When with good Fellows we meet,
A Quart among three or four,
'Twill make us stand on our Feet,
While others lye drunk on the Floor:
Then drawer go fill a quart,
And let it be Claret in Grain,
'Twill Cherish and Comfort the Heart,
But we'll ne'er be Drunk again.

Here's a Health to our Noble King,
And to the Queen of his Heart;
Let's Laugh and Merrily sing,
And he's a Coward that will start.
Here's a Health to our General,
And to those that were in *Spain*,
And to our Colonel.
And we'll ne'er be Drunk again,

Enough's as good as a Feast
If a Man did but measure know;
A Drunkard's worse than a Beast,
For he'll drink till he cannot go.
If a Man could Time recall
In a Tavern that's spent in vain,
We'd learn to be sober all,
And never be Drunk again.

A

**A true Character of sundry TRADES
and CALLINGS; Or a new Ditty, of
Innocent Mirth.**

To the same Tune.

NOW Gentlemen sit ye all Merry,
I'll sing you a Song of a *Want*,
I'll make you as Merry as may be,
tho' Money begins to grow scant :
A Woman without e'er a Tongue,
she never can Scold very loud,
'Tis just such another great Want,
when a Fidler wants his Croud.
*Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute New,
For I bate and despise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.*

A Ship that's without e'er a Sail,
may be driven the Lord knows whither,
'Tis just such another sad Want,
When a Shoemaker wants his Leather.
A Man that has got but one Leg,
will make but a pitiful Runner,
And he that has no Eyes in his Head,
will make but a sorrowful Gunner.
*Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute New,
For I bate and despise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.*

The Second Part, To the same Tune.

A Doctor without any Stomach,
 will make but a pitiful Dinner,
 And he that has got no Victuals to eat,
 will quickly look thinner and thinner.
A Bell without ever a Clapper,
 will make but a sorrowful sound,
 And he that has no Land of his own,
 may work on another Man's Ground.
Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute New,
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is Merry and true.

A Blacksmith without his Bellows,
 he need not to rise very soon,
 And he that has no Cloaths to put on,
 may lie a Bed till Noon :
An Inn-keeper without any Guestom,
 will never get store of Wealth,
 And if he has never a Sign to hang up,
 he may e'en go hang up himself.
Good People, &c.

A Miller without any Stones,
 he is but a sorrowful Soul,
 And if that he has no Corn to grind,
 he need not stand taking of Toll.
The Taylor we know he is loath
 to take any Cabbage at all,
 If he has no Silk, Stuff or Cloath,
 to do that good Office withal.
Good People, &c.

A Woman without e'er a Fault,
she like a bright Star will appear,
But a Brewer without any Mault,
will make but pitiful Beer.

A Man that has got but one Shirt,
when e'er it is wash'd for his Hide,
I hope it can't be no great hurt,
to lye in his Bed till 'tis dry'd,
Good People, &c.

A Mountebank without his Fools,
and a Skip-kennel turn'd out of Place;

A Tinker without any Tools,
they are all in a sorrowful Case.
You know that a dish of good Meat,
it is the true stay of Man's Life,
But he that has nothing to eat,
he need not to draw out his Knife.
Good People, &c.

A Pedler without e'er a Stock,
it makes him look pitiful Blew,

A Shepherd without e'er a Flock,
has little or nothing to do.

A Farmer without any Corn,
he neither can give, sell or lend,

A Huntsman without e'er a Horn,
his Wife she must stand his good Friend.

Good People, &c.

A Plow-man that has ne'er a Plow,
I think he may live at his ease,

A Dairy without e'er a Cow,
will make but bad Butter and Cheese.

A Man that is pitiful Poor,
 has little or nothing to lose,
 And he that has never a Foot,
 it saves him the buying of Shoes.
Good People, &c.

A Warren without e'er a Coney,
 is Barren, and so much the worse,
 And he that is quite without Money,
 can have no great need of a Purse.
 I hope there is none in this place,
 that now is not pleas'd with this Song;
 Come buy up my Ballads a pace,
 and I'll pack up my Awls and be gone.
Good People I tell unto you,
these Lines they are absolute New,
For I hate and despise the telling of Lies,
this Ditty is merry and true.

The New England Ballad
By Mr. Akeroyde.



WILL you please to give ear a while unto me,
 And streight I chill tell you where c'h' have been,
 C'h'

C'ha been to *New England*, but now cham come o'er
I'ch think they shall catch me go thither no more. ●

Before Ise went thither, Lord, how Voke did tell
How Vishes did grow, and how Birds did dwell,
All one amongst t'other, in the Wood and the Water;
Ise thought 'thad been true, but I found no such Matter.

When first Ise did Land, they mazed me quite,
And 'twas of all days on a *Saturday Night*;
Ise wondred to see strange Buildings were there;
'Twas all like the standings at *Woodbury Fair*.

Well, that Night I slept till near Prayer time,
Next Morning I wonder'd I heard no bells Chim;
At which I did ask, and the Reason I found,
'Twas becaufe they had ne'er a Bell in the Town.

At last being warned, to Church we repair'd,
Where I did think certain we should have some Pray's;
But the Parson there no such Matter did teach,
They scorn'd to Pray, for all one could Preach.

The first thing they did, a Psalm they did Zing,
Ise pluck'd out my Psalm-Book I with me did bring,
And tumbled to seek him 'cause they caw'd him by's name;
But they'd got a new Zong to the Tune of the same.

When Sermon was ended, was a Child to baptize,
'Bout Sixteen Years old, as Volks did zurmise;
He had neither Godfather, nor Godmother, yet was qui-
(et and still,
But the Priest durst not cross him, for fear of ill will,

Ah, Sirrah, thought I: and to Dinner Ise went,
And gave the Lord Thanks for what he had sent;
Next day was a Wedding, the Brideman my Friend,
Did kindly Invite me, so thither Ise wend.

But this above all, me to wonder did bring,
 To see Magistrate Marry them, and had ne'er a Ring.
 Ife thought they would call me the Woman to give,
 But I think the Man stole her, they ask'd no Man leave.

Now this was New *Dorchester*, as they told me;
 A Town very famous in all that Country.
 They said 'twas new Buildings; I grant it is true,
 Yet methinks Old *Dorchester's* as fine as the New.

(Heart,
 Well, there I staid amongst 'em till ch' was weary at my
 At length there came Shipping, I got leave to depart;
 But when all was ended, and ch' was coming away,
 I had threescore good Shillings at last for to pay.

But when I saw this, I swore on the more,
 That I'd stay there no longer to swear upon Shoar.
 Ife bid a Farewell to Fowlers and Fishers,
 Praying God to bless Old *England* and all the good
 Wisfers,

The Ballad of Fox-Hunting.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



To



TO Hunt the Fox is an old Sport,
 Used both in City and Court;
 Nor are the *Academicks* free,
 No Beast they chase so much as he,
 They that think all Pleasures vain.
Will sometimes follow, will sometimes follow, will some-
(times follow the Fox's Train.

The Gallant who each Hour invents
 Some pretty pleasing Complements,
 And thinks no Phrase so neat and pure,
As *Vot tres humble Serviteur,*
 Slights his Lady's nice Disdain,
And sometimes follows, &c.

The plodding Student that doth look
 Upon no object but his Book,
 And thinks that all he doth Project,
 Too wise is for old Men t'effect,
Will sometimes ease his troubled Brain;
By following, &c.

The Clergy-men live Merry Lives,
 They get fine Livings and fine Wives;
 The Church's State they finely Rule,
 Yet with a Cup their Zeal they'll cool:
 The Poet writes no pleasant Strain,
Unless he follows, &c.

Physicians that with Skill profound,
 Can make the sickly Patient sound;
 They cure one Grief and leave a worse,
 Call'd the Consumption of the Purse,

Yet once a Month will not refrain,
But follows still, &c.

The Lawyers, as I understand,
 Can warrant your Case, if it be good,
 And tempting Fees on both sides take,
 And new *Demurs* can make :

Although his chief delight is Gain,
He follows still, &c.

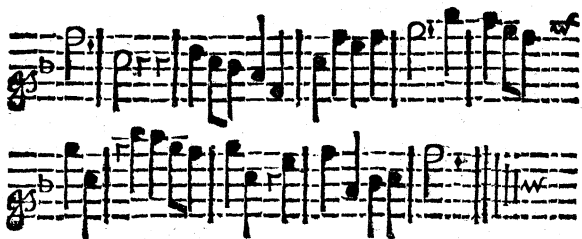
The little *Fox* at length is found,
 Where he lies lurking under Ground ;
 He Earths himself in Cellars deep,
 When he from Mortals View would creep,
 Till gentle Slumber charms his Brain,
And then concludes, and then concludes the Fox's Train.

The Longing M A I D.

By Mr. Akroyde.



There



THere was a Maid the other day,
 That sigh'd sore God wot,
 And said all Wives might sport and play,
 But Maidens they may not :
 Full fifteen I have liv'd she said,
 Poor Soul, since I was born,
 And if I chance to die a Maid,
Apollo is Forsworn.

*Oh, Oh, for a Husband,
 Still this was her Song,
 I will have a Husband, I will have a Husband,
 A Husband Old or Young.*

An Ancient Suitor to her came,
 His Beard was almost grey ;
 Tho' he was old, and she was Young,
 She could no longer stay.
 Unto her Mother went this Maid,
 And told her by and by,
 That she a Husband needs must have,
 She had a reason why.
Oh, Oh, &c.

She had not been a Wedded Wife
 One quarter of a Year,
 But she was weary of this Life,
 And grew into a Jeer:
 The old Man snorting by her side,
 She'd nought but Sigh and Groan;
 Did ever Woman this abide?
 'Tis better lye alone.

*Oh, Oh, Oh, what a Husband, what a Life lead I,
 Out, out of such a Husband, such a Husband,
 Fi, fi, fi, fi, fi.*

To live a Wedded Life, she said,
 A Twelve Month, 'tis too long,
 As I have done, poor Soul, she cry'd,
 That am both fair and young;
 When other Wives can have their Will,
 They are not like to me;
 I mean to go and try my Skill,
 And seek a Remedy.

*Oh, Oh, Oh, what a Husband, what a Life lead I,
 Out, out of such a Husband, such a Husband,
 Fi, fi, fi, fi, fi.*

Pills to Purge Melancholy.

59

A Woman once found out.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



THo' bootless I must needs Complain
My Fate is so extream ;
I Lov'd, and was belov'd again,
Yet all was but a Dream ;
For as that Love was quickly got,
So it was quickly gone,
I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Creature, be she ne'er so Fair,
Shall any more beguile
My Fancy with a feigned Tear,
Nor tempt me with a Smile ;
I'll never think Affection feign'd,
That is so fairly shewn ;
I'll touch no more a Flame so hot,
I'd rather lie alone.

Should,

Should now the little God conspire
 Again t'entrap my Mind,
 And strive to set my Heart on Fire,
 Alas, the Boy's too Blind:
 For such I'll never venture Smiles,
 Nor hazard Mirth for none,
 Nor yet regard a Woman's Wiles;
I'd rather lie alone.

The blazing Torch is soon burnt out.
 The Diamond's light abides,
 The Fire her Glory hurls about,
 The her Virtue hides:
 That Spark, (if any should be mine)
 That else shews like to none,
 For if to E'ry Eye she shine,
I'd rather lie alone.

No Woman shou'd deceive my Thought
 With Colours not in Grain,
 Nor put a Love so slightly wrought,
 Into my hands again:
 I'll pay no more so dear for Wit,
 I'll live upon my own,
 Nor shall affection trouble it,
I'd rather lie alone.

And so I'll my Heart at rest,
 My loving Labour's lost,
 I'll be no more so rarely blest,
 To be so strangely crost.
 The Love-lost Turtle so doth die,
 The *Phoenix* is but one.
 They seek no Mates, no more will I,
I'd rather lie alone.

The Ballad of all the TRADES.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



O H the Miller, the dufty mufty Miller ;
 The Miller, that beareth on his Back
 He never goes to measure Meal. (Sack.
 But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid holds ope' the

O the Baker, the bonny, bonny Baker,
 The Baker that is so full of Sin,
 He never heats his Oven hot, (den in.
 But he thrusts, but he thrusts, but he thrusts his Mai-

O the Brewer, the lusty, lust Brewer,
 The Brewer that Brews Ale and Beer,
 He never heats his Liquor hot, (the Geer.
 But he takes, but he takes, but he takes his Maid by

O the Butcher, the bloody, bloody Butcher,
The Butcher that sells both Beaf and Bone,
He never grinds his Slaught'ring Knife, (his Stone.
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid must turn

O the Weaver, the wicked, wicked Weaver,
That followeth a weary Trade,
He never shoots his Shuttle right, (Maid.
But he shoots, but he shoots, but he shoots first it his

O the Barber, the neat and nimble Barber,
Whose Trade is ne'er the worse,
He never goes to wash and shave, (first.
But he trims, but he trims, but he trims his Maiden

O the Taylor, the fine and frisking Taylor,
The Taylor that gives so good regard,
He never goes to measure Lace, (Yard.
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid hold out his

O the Blacksmith, the lusty, lusty Blacksmith,
The best of all good Fellows,
He never heats his Iron hot, (the Bellows.
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid must blow

O the Tanner, the Merry, Merry Tanner,
The Tanner that draws good Hides into Leather;
He never strips himself to work, (together.
But his Maid, but his Maid, but his Maid and he's

O the Tinker, the sturdy, sturdy Tinker,
The Tinker that deals all in Mettle,
He never clencheth home a Nail, (Kettle.
But his Trull, but his Trull, but his Trull holds up the

The Woman wears the Breeches.

Tune of the Children in the Wood. Pag. 6.

A Pox upon 'this cursed Life,
where shall I make my moan?
For I am troubled with a Wife,
like her there's few or none.

Like unto her there cannot be
another such a one:
For when the Priest did Marry me,
then my good Days were gone.

Therefore take heed good Neighbours all,
I wish you to beware,
For when my Wife doth Scold and Baul,
Then *Skimington* is there.

This sawcy Jack behind my back,
And eke before my Face,
Maintains my Wife to bait and Strife,
Which is a Woful Case.

And now I see no Remedy,
But I must needs complain
On him you know, that wrought this Wo,
In *England* or in *Spain*.

One *Skimington* about doth run,
in City and in Town,
Come Man and Child with Spear and Shield,
And help to beat him down.

And you good Wives, bring out your Knives,
And cut out both his Stones;
And two or three then may agree,
To break some of his Bones.

With Rakes and Reels and Oven-Peels,
With Mawkin and with Flayl;
With Whips and Slings, and other things,
To beat him Top and Tail.

Then let him run to *Islington*,
Or else into the *Vyes*,
Where two or three they may agree
To pick out both his Eyes.

Then let him fly to *Coventry*,
Or else to *London-stone*,
And like a Wretch in *Middlesex*,
There let him make his Moan.

All Marry'd Men that see him then,
Will shake there Heads, and say,
He shall have neither Meat nor Drink.
But let him march away.

Then all the Bells in *London Town*
Shall ring both fine and brave,
When they have bury'd *Skimington*,
And laid him in his Grave.

A Ballad of Andrew and Maudlin.



A *Andrew and Maudlin, Rebecca and Will,
Margaret and Thomas, and Focky and Mary,
Kate o'th' Kinchin, and Kit of the Mill,
Dick the Plow-man, and Joan of the Dairy,
To solace their Lives, and to sweeten their Labour,
All met on a time with a Pipe and Tabor.*

*Andrew was Cloathed in Shephard's Gray,
And Will had put on his Holy-day Jacket,
Beck had a Coat of Popin-jay,
And Madge had a Ribbon hung down to her Placket;
Meg and Mell in Frize, Tom and Focky in Leather,
And so they began all to Foot it together.*

Their

Their Heads and their Arms about them they flung,
 With all the Might and Force they had ;
 Their Legs went like Flays, and as loosely hung,
 They Cudgel'd their Arses as if they were Mad :
 Their Faces did shine, and their Fires did kindle,
 While the Maids they did trip and turn like a Spindle.

Andrew chuck'd *Maulin* under the Chin,
 Simper she did like a Furmity Kettle ;
 The twang of whose blubber-lips made such a din,
 As if her Chaps had been made of Bell-mettle. -
Kate Laughed heartily at this same smack,
 And loud she did answer it with a Bom-crack.

At no *Whitsun-Ale* there e'er yet had been
 Such Fraysters and Friskers as these Lads and Lasses ;
 From their Faces the Sweat ran down to be seen,
 But sure I am, much more from their Asses.
 For had you but seen't, you then would have sworn,
 You never beheld the like since you were born.

Here they did fling, and there they did hoist ;
 Here a hot Breath, and there went a Savour ;
 Here they did glance, and there they did gloist ;
 Here they did Simper, and there they did Slaver.
 Here was a Hand, and there was a Placket,
 Whilst, hey ! their Sleeves went Flicker-a-flacket.

The Dance being ended, they sweat and they stunk,
 The Maidens did smirk it, the youngsters did Kiss 'em ;
 Cakes and Ale flew about, they clapp'd Hands and drunk,
 They laugh'd and they gill'd until they be-pist 'em.
 They laid the Girls down, and gave each a green Mantle,
 While their Breasts and their Bellies went a Pintle a
 (Pantle.

The QUEEN of MAY.



U Pon a time I chanced to walk along a Green,
 Where pretty Lasses danced in strife to chuse a
 (Queen;
 Some homely drest, some hanfom, some pretty, and
 (some gay,
 But who excell'd in Dancing, must be the Queen of May.

From Morning till the Evening, their Controversy held,
 And I, as Judge, stood gazing on, to Crown her that
 (excell'd;
 At last when Phæbus Steeds had drawn their Wayn away,
 We found and crown'd a Dam'sel to be the Queen of May.

Full well her Nature from her Face I did admire,
 Her Habit well became her, altho' in poor Attire;
 Her Carriage was so good, as did appear that day,
 That she was justly chosen to be the Queen of May.

Then

Then all the rest in Sorrow, and she in sweet Content,
Gave over till the Morrow, and homewards frait they
(went;
But she of all the rest, was hindred by the way,
For ev'ry Youth that met her, must Kiss the Queen of
(May.

At last I caught and stay'd her a while with me alone,
And on a Bank I laid her, when all the rest were gone;
She fearing some Mischance, cry'd out, forbear, I pray,
Yet I could still do nothing but Kiss the Queen of May.

Thus we together tumbled at last an Hour and more,
And like a Fool, I fuml'd, as I had done before:
But when that Night was come, by chance I got the day,
And yet a lass, did nothing else but Kiss the Queen of May.

Her thoughts of coming thither, both Grief and Joy
 She smill'd and wept together, yet knew not well for what,
 And still desir'd to go, but yet she seem'd to stay,
 Yet I alas, &c.

She sigh'd and pray'd for pity that I would once give o'er
Yet were her Words so Witty, they shew'd she wish'd for
(more :
Then seeming to defend it, her Fort she did betray ;
Yet I alas, &c.

Thus shaking Hands at last we part, but she appear'd
Both heavy Ey'd and Hearted, with that she felt and
(fear'd ;
Then turning round we parted, she speechless went her
(way,
Because I could do nothing but Kiss the Queen of May,

The True W O R L D.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



THEY say the World is full of Pelf,
 But I think there's no Chink,
 For I have little my self;
 When Pockets are full, then Gentlemen borrow,
 And one ought not to trust,
 To be paid as to Morrow.

Then

*Then let them seek the World throughout,
 From the Usurer, to his best Friend,
 Ask here, and ask there,
 And the Devil a Penny they'll lend.*

*Your honest Citizen bends the Brow,
 And complains there's no Gains
 For to be got by Gentlemen now;
 For when he does his Book survey,
 He doth find more left behind,
 Then swears they'll never pray.
 Then let them, &c.*

*When Gentlemen to th'Scrivners come,
 They will crave their Name to have,
 And the next day will give them their Doom;
 Mean time the Usurer Plots his Head
 About the 'state left of late
 By the Father who is yet scarce Dead.
 Then let them, &c.*

*If you your Gamester will accost,
 He'll prevent your Intent
 With G. D. him his Money's lost,
 Your Courtier he can Kiss your Hand,
 Cog and Lie, and deny,
 And swear if he had it, you shall it command.
 Then let them seek the World throughout,
 From the Usurer, to his best Friend,
 Ask here, and ask there,
 And the Devil a Penny they'll lend.*

The RIDDLE.

By Mr. Akeroyde;



MY pretty Maid, fain would I know
 What thing it is will breed Delight,
 That strives to stand, yet cannot go,
 That feeds the Mouth that cannot bite.

*With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grum-
 bledum, hey.*

*With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grum-
 bledum, hey.*

It is a pretty pricking thing,
 A pleasing and a standing thing;
 'Twas the Truncheon *Mars* did use,
 A Bed-ward bit, which Maidens choose.
With a Humbledum, &c.

It is a Shaft of *Cupid's* cut,
 'Twill serve to Rove, to Prick, to But;
 There's never a Maid, but by her will
 Will keep it in her Quiver still.
With a Humbledum, &c.

'Tis a Fryer with a Bald-Head,
 A Staff to beat a Cuckold Dead;
 It is a Gun that shoots point-blank;
 It hits betwixt a Woman's Flank.
With a Humbledum, &c,

It has a Head much like a Mole's,
 And yet it loves to creep in Holes:
 The fairest She that e'er took Life,
 For love of this, became a Wife.
*With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grumble-
 dum key.*
*With a Humbledum, Grumbledum, humbledum grumble-
 dum key.*

The BEE-HIVE.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



MY Mistress is a hive of Bees in yonder flowry Garden,
 To her they come with loaden Thighs, to ease
 them of their Burden :
 As under the Bee-hive lieth the Wax, and under the
 Wax is Honey.
 So under her Wasse her Belly is plac'd, and under that
 (her C---y.

My Mistress is a Mine of Gold, would that it were her
 (Pleasure,
 To let me dig within her Mold, and roll among her
 (Treasure.
 As under the Moss the Mold doth lye, and under the
 (Mold is Money,
So under, &c.

My Mistress is a Morn of May, which drops of Dew,
 (down stilleth,
 Where e'er she goes to sport and play, the Dew down
 (sweetly trilleth.
 As under the Sun the Mist doth lye, so under the Mist
 (it is Sunny,
So under, &c.

My Mistress is a pleasant Spring, that yieldeth store of
 (Water sweet,
 That doth refresh each wither'd thing lies trodden under
 (Feet.
 Her Belly is both white and soft, and downy as any
 (Bunny,
 That many Gallants wish full oft to play but with her
 (C---y.

My Mistress hath the Magick Sprays, of late she takes
 (such wondrous pain,
 That she can pleasing Spirits raise, and also lay them
 (down again.
 Such power hath my tripping doe, my little pretty
 (Bonny,
 That many would their Lives forego, to play but with
 (her C---y.

The forgetful MOTHER.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



MY Mother she will not endure
 That I should Married be,
 Altho' my Father do procure
 A Husband fit for me ;
 Wherein she doth me much abuse,
 My Father's profer to refuse;
 For younger Maids than I are sped,
 And yet forsooth I must not Wed.

My Mother she breeds all the Jars,
 And ill she does me use,
 And Love and Age breeds all the Wars,
 Which grieves me to refuse.
 Before she was as old as I,
 She with a Man six Weeks did lie.
 Judge you how much she doth me wrong,
 To make me live a Maid so long.

For now I am of lawful Years,
 A Twelve Month's time and more,
 As by the Church-Book plain appears,
 Which doth my Age implore.
 For now I am Sixteen years old,
 Why should I then be thus controll'd,
 And discontent to lie alone;
 None knows my Grief, but by their own.

I do believe in heart and mind,
 There is no greater Pain
 Can fall upon us Woman-kind,
 And breedeth all our Pain,
 To lie alone all by my self,
 It breeds Disease, instead of Health;
 And shortly it will end my days,
 For so I know the Doctor says.

My Father's Care I much commend,
 And Pains that he doth take;
 My Mother speaks not as a Friend,
 That I shan't have a Mate.
 Altho' my Mother doth refuse
 That I my youthful time should use,
 I mean not long to stay un-wed,
 Nor yet to keep my Maiden-head.

C U C K O L D S all.

Tune of *Oh, London is a fine Town.*

Pag. 40.

NOT long ago as all alone I lay upon my Bed,
'Twixt sleeping and waking, this Maggot came in
(my Head,
Which caus'd me in the Mind to be, the meaning for to
(know
With Skill and Wit, and then I writ of *Cuckolds all-a-row.*

Methoughts I heard a Man and's Wife, as they together
(lay.
Being quite void of frife, she thus to him did say,
Quoth she, Sweet-heart, if thou wilt Sport, my Love, to
(thee I'll show
A pretty thing shall make thee sing of *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Peace Wife, quoth he to her again, I'm sure thou dost
(but Jest,
Altho' I am Cornuted plain, I am no common Beast;
Yet ev'ry Woman's like to thee, for ought that I do know,
And each Man may be like to me, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

There's neither Lord, nor Gentleman, Citizen, or Clown,
That liveth in the City, or the Country Town,
But may carry Horns about them, tho' they them never
(blow,
For Gallants are like other Men, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Your Trades-men in the City, that sells by Weight and
(Measure,
Perhaps may wear a horned Brow, for Profit or for Plea-
(sure.
When they to sell their Wares begin, that make so great
(a show,
Their Wives may play at In and In, *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Your Country prating Lawyers that gets the Devill
(and all,
That pleads every Term in *Westminster-Hall*,
His Wife in the Country, for ought that he does know,
May let his Client have a Fee. *Cuckolds all a-row.*

The Parson of the Parish I hope shall not go free,
While he is in his Study, another May he
A dandling of his Wife, and do the thing you know,
And make him were his Corner'd Cap. *Cuckolds all a-row.*

If any one offended be, and think I do him wrong,
For naming of a Cuckold in this my merry Song,
Let him subscribe his Name, and eke his Dwelling show,
And he and I will soon agree, like *Cuckolds all a-row.*

Bacchus against Cupid.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



PRithee Friend leave off thy Thinking,
 Cast thy Cares and Love away ;
 Troubles still are drown'd in Drinking,
 Do not, do not then delay ;
Bacchus cares not for thy Will,
 But will have us Drinking still.

Do but view this Glas of Claret,
 How invitingly it looks ;
 Drink it quickly or you'll marr it,
 Pox of Fighting, or of Books :
 Let us have good store of Wine,
 Hang him then that does repine.

Call the Drawer bid him fill it,
 as full as ever it can hold :
 O take heed you do not spill it,
 'Tis more precious far than Gold ;
 Let us Drink, and then 'twill prove,
 Drinking's better Sport than Love.

Joan to her L A D Y.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



Lady, sweet now do not frown,
 Nor in Anger call me Clown,
 For your Servant Joan may prove,
 Like your self, as deep in Love;
 And as absolute a bit,
 Man's sweet liquorish Tooth to fit.

*The Smock alone the difference makes,
 'Cause yours is spun of finer Flax.*

What avails the Name of Madam?
 Came not all from Father Adam?
 Where does one exceed the other?
 Was not Eve our Common Mother?

Then

Then what odds 'twixt you and *Joan* ?
Truly in my Judgment, none,
The Smock, &c.

Ladies are but Blood and Bone,
Skin and Sinews, so is *Joan*,
Joan's a Piece for a Man to bore,
With his Wimble, your's no more.
Then what Odds, &c.

It is not your flaunting Tires,
Are the cause of Men's Desires ;
They're other Darts which Lusts pursue,
Those *Joan* has as well as you,
Then, &c.

What care we for Glorious Lights,
Women are used in the Nights ;
And in Night in Women-kind,
Kings and Clowns like Sport do find.
Then, &c.

Were there two in Bed together,
There's not a Pin to chuse 'twixt either ;
Both have Eyes, and both have Lips ;
Both have Thighs, and both have Hips.
Then, &c.

When your Hand puts out the Candle,
And you at last begin to handle,
Then you go about to do
What you should be done unto
Then, &c.

Who can but in Conscience say,
Fi, Fi, for shame away, away,
Putting Finger in the Eye,
Till you have a fresh Supply.
Then, &c.

C O N S E N T *at last.**By Mr. Akeroyde.*

Ladies, why doth Love torment you?

Cannot I your Grievs remove?

Is there none that can content you

With the sweet delights of Love?

O No, no, no, no, no: O No, no, no, no, no, no, no.

Beauty in a perfect Measure,

Hath the Love and Wish of all:

Dear, than shall I wait the Pleasure,

That commands my Heart and all.

O No, &c.

If I Grieve and you can ease me,
Will you be so fiercely bent,
Having where withal to please me,
Must I still be Discontent?

O No, &c.

If I am your faithful Servant,
And my Love does still remain;
Will you think it ill deserved,
To be favour'd for my pain?

O No, &c.

If I should then but crave a Favour,
Which your Lips invite me to;
Will you think it ill Behaviour
Thus to steel a Kiss or two?

O No, &c.

All Amazing Beauty's Wonder,
May I presume your Breast to touch?
Or too feel a little under,
Will you think I do too much?

O No, &c.

Once more fairest, let me try ye,
Now my wish is fully sped,
If all Night, I would lie by ye,
Shall I be refus'd your bed.

O No, &c.

The Glory of all CUCKOLDS.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



Listen Lordlings to my Story,
 I will sing of Cuckolds Glory;
 And thereat let none be Vext,
 None can tell whose Turn is next;
 And tho' it now is held in scorn,
 I'll sing the praise of noble Horn.

Diana was a Virgin pure,
 Among the rest Chaste and Demure;
 But you know well that I am sure,
 What *Alicon* did endure.
 If Men have Horns from such a She,
 I pray then let us all agree.

Let thy Friend enjoy his Rest
 What tho' he wear *Aleon's* Crest,
 Malice nor Venome at him spit,
 He wears but what the Gods think fit ;
 Confess he is by times Recorder,
 Knight of great *Diana's* Order.

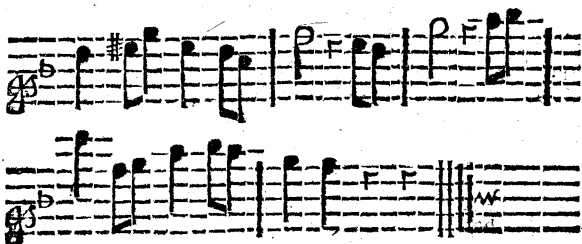
Luna was no Venial Sinner,
 Yet she hath a Man within her,
 And to cut off Cuckolds Scorns,
 She decks his Head with Silver Horns,
 And if the Man in Heaven's thus Drest,
 We Men on Earth like him are Blest.

A True S A T Y R.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



Long



Long have I grieved for to see
 Of all Estates in each Degree,
 I have Laugh'd, I have Quaft and have Wept,
 And a flir like a Cur have I kept,
 But now here I ftand with a Whip in my Hand,
Come along, come along, come along, come along, I muft
Clafh you.

Come you Divines that fhould be pure,
 That keep a Man to ferve the Cure;
 You do teach not to preach, but to fhew
 Places fine, Such Divines as you are flow;
 Your Benefits you'll keep, whilft another feeds the Sheep.
Come along, &c.

Come you that live fo by the Law,
 That keep your Neighbours fo in Awe;
 If a Hog or a Beaft you efpy
 In the Ground to the Pound they muft hie,
 Whole Towns you will Bruit with a Pettifogging Suit.
Come along, &c.

Come you that brag fo of your Wealth,
 Becaufe you have a little Pelf;
 'Tis your Gold makes you fo bold to do wrong,
 Men are the worfe that your Purfe is fo ftrong,
 To build Houfes high to the Peoples Mifery.
Come along, &c.

But

But what's become of the Estate,
The which your Father left of late ;
You have no care for to spare, but to spend,
Till you bring ev'ry thing to an end ; (Wealth.
You'll drink away your Health, and Dice away your
Come along, &c.

Come you Quack-salvers that do kill
Sometimes a Patient by your Skill ;
You will urge them to Purge and let Blood,
You will tell that it will do them good ; (worfe.
You will ease them of their Purse, tho' their Bodies be the
Come along, &c.

Come you Ladies that do wear
More Fashions than Sundays in the Year,
With your Locks, Ribbond knots, and silk Roses,
With your Spots on your Face and your Noses,
Your bare Breasts and your Back, discover what you lack;
Come along, &c.

Come you Tradesmen of the City,
That are so Cunning and so Witty,
I would know how you grow Rich so fast,
You will swear you sell your Ware for less than't cost,
Or else you'll give the buying, but I'll not believe the
Come along, &c. (thing.

Come along you Puritan,
That make your self a Holy Man,
Tho' you lift up your Eyes when you Pray,
And frequent four Sermons in a day,
Under pretence of pure Life, and yet will Kiss your Neigh-
Come along, &c. (bour's Wife.

But now I am so weary grown,
 That I must let the rest alone :
 I should slash me with my Lash, did I dare,
 Many more ; now therefore them I'll spare :
 The rest I leave to the Judges and the Shreēves,
And they shall lash you.

True C O N T E N T.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



MY Mind to me a Kingdom is,
 Such perfect Joys therein I find,
 That it exceeds all other Blifs

The World affords or grows by Kind:
 Tho' much I want that most would have,
 Yet still my Mind forbids to Crave.

No

No princely Pomp, no wealthy store,
No force to win the Victory :
No cunning Wit to salve a Sore,
No shape to feed a loving Eye :
To none of these am I in Thrall,
For why, my Mind to me is all.

Content I live with this my stay,
I wish no more than may suffice ;
I press to bear no mighty Sway,
Look what I want, my Mind supplies :
Thus do I Triumph like a King,
Content with that my Mind doth bring.

Some have too much, and yet do want,
I little have, but wish no more ;
They are but Poor, for much they want,
And I am Rich with little store :
They Poor, I Rich, they Beg, I give ;
They lack, I leave, they Pine, I Live.

Some weigh their Pleasure by their Lust,
Their Wisdom by the rage of Will ;
Their Treasure is their only Trust,
And crooked Craft their School of Skill ;
But all the Pleasure I can find,
Is the Content of a quiet Mind.

My Health is Wealth and perfect Ease ;
A Conscience clean, my chief defence ;
I do not seek by Bribes to please,
Nor by Deceit to give Offence :
Thus do I live, thus will I die,
Wou'd all did as well as I.

*The Bashful S C O T.**By Mr. Akeroÿde.*

Jocky late with *Jenny* Walking,
 On a day in Summer Season,
 Like a Lout with his Love sat talking,
 When he should be doing Reason:
 Jocky loft, *Jocky* loft,
 His time to Dally, his time to Dally,
 Whilst he cry'd, *Sweet, sweet, sweet,*
Sweet Jenny, shall I? shall I?

Jenny,

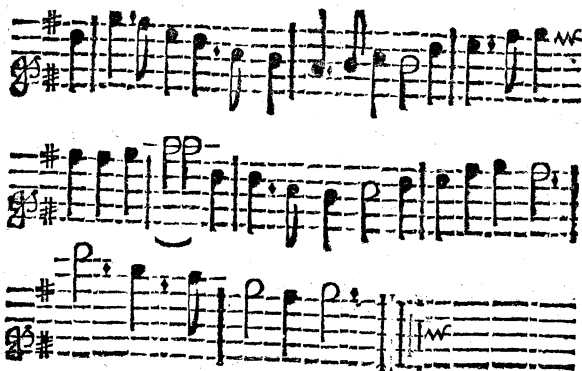
Jenny, as most Women use,
 To deny when they would have it,
 With faint Tongue she did refuse,
 When her Looks did seem to crave it :
 Still he cry'd, still he cry'd
 When he shou'd dally, when he shou'd dally,
Jenny sweet, sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sweet Jenny, shall I? Shall I?

She that now was grown more willing,
 When she saw his backward dealing,
 To prevent her own Heart's illing,
 With a Sigh her Love revealing,
 said alas ! said alas !
 When he would dally ; when he would dally,
Now you stand Sweet, sweet, sweet,
Sweet Jenny, Shall I? Shall I?

He perceiv'd by her Replying.
 That a Nay, was Yea, in Woing,
 And that asking without trying.
 Was the way to Love's Undoing ;
 Now he knows, now he knows,
 When he should dally, when he should dally,
 Not to stand *Sweet, sweet, sweet,*
Sweet Jenny Shall I? Shall I?

The wanton T R I C K.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



IF any one long for a Musical Song,
 Altho' that his Hearing be thick,
 The sound that it bears will ravish his Ears,
 Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

A pleasant young Maid on an Instrument play'd
 That knew neither Note, nor Prick;
 She had a good Will to live by her Skill,
 Whoop, &c,

A Youth in that Art well seen in his Part,
 They call'd him *Derbyshire Dick*,
 Came to her a Suiter, and would be her Tutor;
 Whoop, &c.

To run with his Bow he was not slow,
His Fingers were nimble and quick,
When he play'd on his *Bass*, he ravish'd the *Lads*,
Whoop, &c.

He Woo'd her and Taught her, until he had brought her
To hold out a Crotchet Prick,
And by his direction, she came to Perfection,
Whoop, &c.

With Playing and Woing he still would be doing,
And call'd her his pretty sweet Chick:
His reasonable Motion brought her to Devotion,
Whoop, &c.

He pleas'd her so well, that backwards she fell,
And swooned as tho' she were Sick;
So sweet was his Note, that up went her Coat,
Whoop, &c.

The string of his *Viol* she put to the Trial,
Till she had the full length of the Stick?
Her white belly'd *Lute* she set to his *Flute*,
Whoop, &c.

Thus she with her *Lute*, and he with his *Flute*,
Held every Crotchet and Prick;
She learned at leisure, yet paid for the Pleasure,
Whoop, &c.

His *Viol-string* burst, her Tutor she curst,
However she play'd with the Stick,
From *October* to *June* she was quite out of Tune,
Whoop, &c.

With Sheming her Hand to make the Pin stand,
 The Musick within her grew Thick,
 Of his *Viol* and *Lute* appeared some Fruit,
Whoop, &c.

And then she repented that e'er she consented
 To have either Note or Prick,
 For Learning so well made her Belly to swell,
Whoop, &c.

All Maids that make trial of a *Lute* or a *Viol*,
 Take heed how you handle the Stick:
 If you like not this Order, come try my *Recorder*,
Whoop, &c.

And if that this Ditty forsooth doth not fit ye,
 I know not what Musick to Prick,
 There's never a Strain but in time will be twain,
Whoop, 'tis but a Wanton Trick.

The SILLY MAIDS.

By Mr. Akeroyde.



Maids



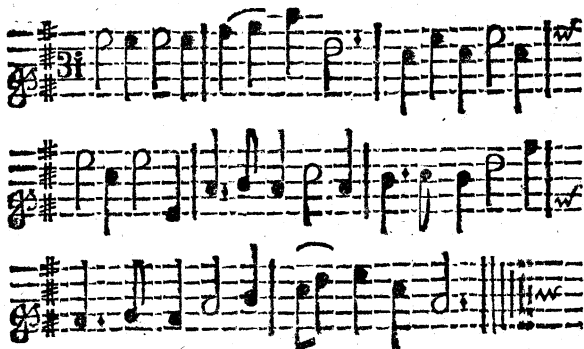
MAids are grown so Coy of late,
Forsooth they will not Marry,
Tho' they're in their Teens and past,
They say they yet can tarry?
But if they knew how sweet a thing
It is in Youth to Marry,
They would sell their Hose and Smock,
E'er they so long would tarry.

Winter Nights are long you know,
And bitter cold the Weather,
Then who's so fond to lie alone,
When two may lie together?
And is't not brave when Summer comes,
With all the Fields inrolled,
To take a Green-Gown on the Grass,
And wear it uncontrolled?

For she that is most Coy of all,
If she had time and leisure,
Would lay away severest Thoughts,
And turn to Mirth and Pleasure:
For why, the fairest Maid sometimes
Puts on the Face of Folly,
And Maids do ne'er repent so much
As when they are too Holy.

*The North-Country Man's S O N G on the
View of London Sights.*

By Mr. Akeroyde.



When Ize came first to *London-Town*,
Ize wor a Noviz, as many mo Men are ;
Ize thought the King had live at the Crown,
And all the way to Heaven had been through the Star.

Ize zet up my Horfe, and Ize went to *Powls*,
Uds nigs, quoth I, what a Kirk beth' here,
Then Ize did swear by all Kurfon Souls
It wor a Mile long, or very near.

The Top wor as high as any Hill ;
A Hill, quo I, nay as a Mountain
But I Ize went up with very good Will,
But gladder was I to come down again.

For

Foras I went up, my Head ga round;
Then be it know to all Karson People,
A Man is no little way fro the Ground,
When he's o'th' top of *Paul's Steeple*.

Ize lay down my Hat, and Ize went to Pray,
But wor not this a Pitiful Case?
A'vor Ize had done, it wor stolen away;
Who'd a thought Thieves had been in that place!

Now vor my Hat Ize made great moan,
A stander by then to me said,
Thou dost not observe the Scripture aright,
For thou mun a watch'd as well as pray'd.

From thence to *Westminster* Ize went,
Where many a brave Lawyer Ize did see;
But zome there had a bad intent;
I'm zure my Purse was stolen from me.

Now to zee the Tombs was my desire,
Ize went with many brave Fellows store,
Ize gan them a Penny, that was their Hire,
And he's but a Fool that will give any more.

Then through the Rooms the Fellow me led,
Where all the Zights wereto be zeen,
And snuffling told me through the Nose,
What formerly the Names of those had been.

Here Lyes, quoth he, *Henry* the Third,
Thou ly'ft like a Knave, he says never a Word;
And here lies *Richard* the Second Interr'd,
And here stands good King *Edward's* Sword.

[And under this Chair lies *Jacob's Stone*,
 The very same Stone is now in the Chair;
 A very good Jest; Had *Jacob* but one?
 How got he so many Sons without a Pair?

Ize staid not there, but down with the Tide
 Ize made great haste, and Ize went my way,
 For Ize was to see the Lyons beside,
 And the *Paris-Garden* all in a day.

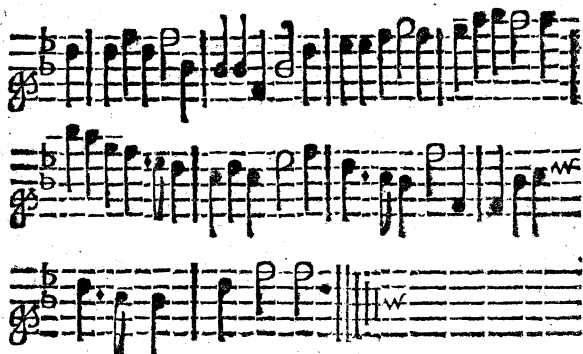
When Ize came there, Ize was in a Rage,
 Ize rail'd on him that kept the Bears;
 Instead of a Stake, was suffer'd a Stage,
 And in *Hunks* his House a Crew of Players.

Then through the Bridge to the *Tower* Ize went,
 With much ado Ize entred in,
 And after a Penny that I had spent,
 One with a loud Voice did thus begin;

This Lions the Kings's, and that's the Queen's,
 And this is the Princes that stands hereby,
 With that I went near to look in the Den,
 Cods body! quoth he, why come you so nigh;

Ize made great haste unto my Inn,
 Ize Zupt, and Ize went to Bed betimes;
 Ize slept, and Ize Dream'd what I had Zeen,
 And wak'd again by *Cheep-side* Chimes.

A Ballad of the Courtier and the Country Clown.



Your Courtiers scorn we Country Clowns;
 We Country Clowns care not for Court;
 But we'll be as merry upon the Downs,
 As you are at Mid-night with all your Sport.
With a Fadding, &c.

You Hawk, you Hunt, you lie upon Pallets,
 You Eat, you Drink, the Lord knows how;
 We sit upon Hillocks, and pick up our Sallets,
 And drink up a Syllabub under a Cow.
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Masques are made for Knights and Lords,
 And Ladies that go fine and gay;
 We dance to such Musick the Bag-pipe affords,
 And trick up our Lasses as well as we may.
With a Fadding, &c.

Your Cloaths are made of Silk and Sattin,
 And ours are made of good Sheeps Gray;
 You mix your Discourses with pieces of *Latin*,
 We speak our *English* as well as we may.

With a Fadding, &c.

Your Chambers are hung with Cloath of *Arras*,
 Our Meadows bedeck'd as fine as may be,
 And from our Sport you never shall Bar us,
 Since *Joan* in the Dark, is as good as my Lady.

With a Fadding, &c.

You Courtiers clip and cull upon Beds,
 We Jumble our Lasses upon the Grass,
 And when we have gotten their Maiden-heads,
 They serve to make a Courtier's Last.

With a Fadding, &c.

You dance Courants and the *French Braul*,
 We Jig the Morris upon the *Green*,
 And we make as good sport in a Country-Hall,
 As you do before the King and the Queen.

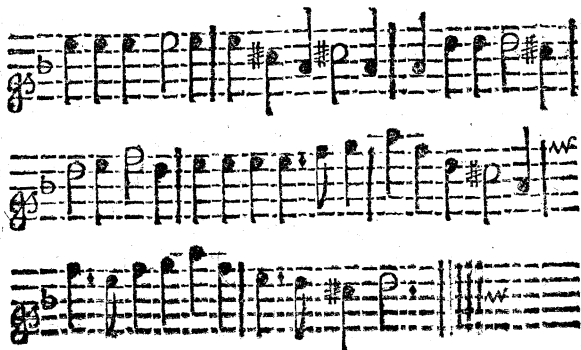
With a Fadding, &c.

Then Ladies do not us disdain,
 Although we wear no gaudy Cloaths,
 You'll find as much pith in a Country Swain,
 When he plucks up your gay embroider'd Cloaths.

With a Fadding, &c.

A Ballad, call'd COOK-LORREL.

The Words by *Ben Jonson.*



Cook-Lorrel would needs have the Devil his Guest,
And bid him once into the *Peak* to Dinner,
Where never the Fiend had such a Feast
Provided him yet at the charge of a Sinner.

His Stomach was queasie, (for coming there Coach'd)
The jogging had caus'd some Crudities rise,
To help it he call'd for a Puritan poach'd,
That used to turn up the Eggs of his Eyes.

And so recovered unto his Wish,
He sat him down, and he fell to eat,
Promoter in Plumb-broth was the first Dish,
His own privy Kitchin had no such Meat.

Yet tho' with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his Trencher,
As soon as he spied the Bawd and Bacon;
By this you may note the Devil's a Wencher.

Six pickled Taylors sliced and cut,
 Sempsters, Tire-women, fit for his Pallet,
 With Feather-Men and perfumes put,
 Some Twelve in a Charger to make a grand Sallet.

A rich fat Usurer flew'd in his Marrow,
 And by him a Lawyers Head and Green-sawce;
 Both which his Belly took in like a Barrow,
 As if till then he had never seen Sawce.

Then Carbonado'd and Cook'd with Pains,
 Was brought up a Cloven Serjeants Face,
 The Sawce was made of the Yeoman's Brains,
 That had been beaten out with his own Mace.

Two roasted Sheriffs came whole to the Board,
 (The Feast had nothing been without 'em)
 Both living and dead they were Fox'd and Furr'd;
 Their Chains like Sawfages hung about 'em.

The very next Dish was the Mayor of a Town,
 • With a Pudding of Maintenance thrust in his Belly,
 Like a Goose in the Feathers drest in his Gown,
 And his couple of Hinch-Boys boil'd to a Jelly.

A London Cuckold hot from the spit,
 And when the Carver up had broke him,
 The Devil chopt up his Head at a bit,
 But the Horns were very near like to have choak'd him.

The Chine of a Letcher too there was roasted,
 With a plump Harlot's Haunch and Garlick,
 A Pandor's Pettitoes that had boasted
 Himself for a Captain, yet never was Warlike.

A large fat Pasty of a Midwife hot,
 And for cold bak'd Meat into the Story,
 A reverend painted Laidy was brought,
 And Coffin'd in Crust till now she was hoary.

To these, an overgrown Justice of the Peace,
With a Clark like a Gizard thrust under each Arm,
And Warrants for Sippets laid in his own Grease,
Set over a Chaffing dish to be kept warm.

The Jowl of a Jaylor served for Fish,
A Constable sous'd with Vinegar by,
Two Aldermen-Lobsters asleep in a Dish,
A Deputy Tart, a Church-Warden-pye:

All which devour'd, he then for a close,
Did for a full draught of *Darby* call,
He heav'd the huge Vessel up to his Nose,
And left not till he had drank up all.

Then from the Table he gave a start,
Where Banquet and Wine were nothing scarce;
All which he started away with a Fart,
From whence it was called the Devil's Arse.

And there he made such a breath with the Wind,
The hole too standing open the while,
That the scent of the Vapour before and behind,
Hath foully perfumed most part of the Isle.

And this was Tobacco, the Learned suppose,
Which since in Country, Court and Town,
In the Devil's Glister-pipe smoaks at the Nose
Of Polcat and Madam, of Gallant and Clown.

From which wicked Weed, with Swine's-flesh and Lings;
Or any thing else that's feast for the Fiend;
Our Captain and we cry God save the King,
And send him good Meat and Mirth without end.

A Just BARGAIN.



I Am a Lover, and 'tis true ;
 Fair *Daphne* I'm in Love with you :
 Woman thou art, for ought I see,
 Yet more assur'd I wish'd to be :
 Such Trial then do not refuse,
 As all Men in their Bargains use.

Men

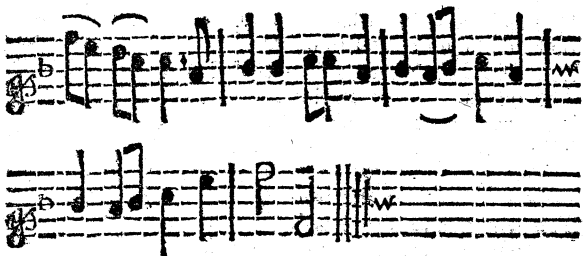
Men feel the Pullen when they lay,
If they be Plump, and so wou'd I,
Men ride their Nags, and try their Pace,
The like would I do in this case.
Who will buy Land, e'er they do know,
What Fruit on it is apt to grow?

Now if any of my Parts or all,
You will then to Tryal call,
You shall both see and feel and taste,
Left you repent your Bargain past:
Then Part with Part let us Compare,
There's no Deceit in open Ware.

Your Legs and Feet are strait and fine,
And look you here, pray what are mine?
You have a round and lusty Thigh;
And look you here, pray what have I?
But yet that part that all must bind,
O shew not, least you strike me Blind.

Old English A L E.





I Have been *East*, and I have been *West*,
 I have been far in the *North-Country*;
 I have drank Wine and Beer of the best,
 And Liquor that Men call *Ipsē*.

I've been in *Flanders* and in *France*,
 I've been in *Spain* and *Italy*;
 And I've seen many a Man by chance,
 Fall down to the Ground with *Ipsē*.

The strongest Wine in *Flanders* or *Spain*,
 Or yet in the *Palsgrave's* Country,
 Is nothing like t' our *Englisk* Ale,
 That Liquor of Life, call'd *Ipsē*,

The strongest Soldier that ever did Fight,
 Or the bravest Commander of a *Marshalsea*,
 May be brought to the Ground, I hold him a Groat,
 If he swagger too long with *Ipsē*.

The Preacher, the Teacher, the Priest and the Clark,
 The Doctor of Law and Divinity;
 May stumble and fall sometimes in the Dark,
 If their Caps be fudled with *Ipsē*.

It makes grave Counsellors slumber and sleep,
When they should speak, they cannot see,
They sit like Momes, for want of Wit,
When their Caps be fudled with *Ipsē*.

The whiffling Gallants of the Inns of Court,
Do hinder their Studies certainly,
They're sometimes glad to pawn their Suit,
For fuddling their Caps with *Ipsē*.

The Papist, the Puritan Protestant too,
And all other Religions whatever they be,
Altho' in some Points they cannot agree,
Yet none of them differ in *Ipsē*.

The Taylor that eats more Bread at a Meal,
Than another Tradesman does at three,
A half-penny Loaf will serve him a Week,
If his Cap be fuddle with *Ipsē*.

The Smith and the Shooemaker is not behind,
They never were, nor never will be,
If they be Drunk, 'tis but their Kind,
To fuddle their Caps with *Ipsē*.

If Tradesmen they would but forgo,
The Vices that hinder their Quality,
The Malt-man may go hang himself,
And the Brewer with his strong *Ipsē*.

The Growth of Cuckoldom.



I Find I am a Cuckold,
 I care not who doth know it ;
 It is my Doom, therefore welcom,
 I mean to undergo it,
 Which makes me sing, Come along, come along,
 All you that deride or scorn,
 The proudest he who e'er he be,
 Perchance will wear the Horn.

The Parson of our Parish,
 That no Man thinks Polluted,
 Along with me for Company,
 He kindly goes Cornuted.
 Which makes me sing, come along, &c,

It is a darksom Passion,
And yet there is no fear on't,
Like an Ague Fit they come by it,
Few Gentlemen are clear on't,
Which, &c.

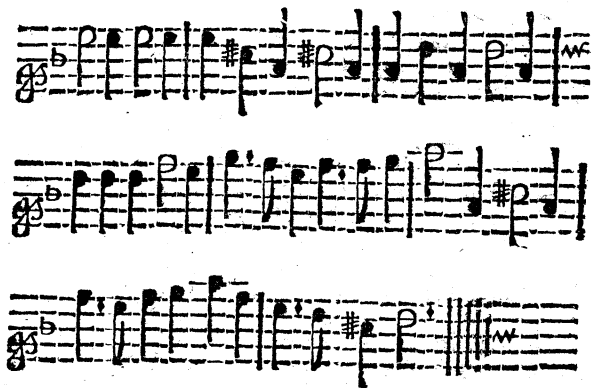
Ten thousand in this Kingdom,
Are subject to this Branding,
As 'Squires and Knights, and City Wights,
For want of Understanding.
Which, &c.

The best Jest that ever I heard,
One swore his Wife was Constant,
When behind the Screen and a Door between,
He was Cuckold'd in an Instant.
Which, &c.

At *Westminster* in Term time,
When all the Lawyers Musters,
Like Bucks in *May* you may see them play,
With their Velvet Shoos in Clusters.
Which, &c.

If you walk the Town of *London*,
Where the Flat-caps call Men Cousins,
If you look about my Masters out,
You'll find Thirteen to the Dozens.
Which, &c.

If every Woman was serv'd in her kind.



IF every Woman was serv'd in her Kind,
 And every Man had his due Desert,
 The Rooms in Bridewell would be well Lin'd,
 And a Coach would not pass in the Streets for a Cart;
 Yet I'm a little vex'd at the Heart,
 And fain wou'd I have my grief to be known
 The Parish would have me play a kind Part,
 And Father a Child that is none of my own.

Full Twelve Months I cross'd the Seas,
 Mean time I was crost as much on the Land,
 For all the while my Wife sat at her ease,
 And had her Companions at her Command;
 There's never a Gallant but set at her hand,
 And I said it was pitty she should be alone,
 And now they would have me subscribe to a Bond,
 And Father, &c.

Let

Let every Father take care for his Child,
And seek to provide for the Mother and that,
Altho' I'm a Buck, I am not so Wild,
To nail up my Horns for another Man's Hat,
I'll never grieve, but let it pass,
Since 'tis my Fortune to be overthrown,
'Altho' I'm an Ox, I'll ne'er be an Ass.
To Father, &c.

A Man may be made a Cuckold by chance,
And put out another Man's Child to Nurse,
And hoodwink his Horns with Ignorance,
But he that's a Wittal is ten times worse;
And that knows his Cross and his Curse,
And still will be led by a Strumpet's Moan,
May sit and sell Horns at *Britan's* Burse,
For Fathering, &c.

And if that you will be my Judge,
Isn't that Man wonderful base,
To be another Man's Slave and his Drudge,
And sell all his Credit for Disgrace?
No, I was never sprung from that Race,
To call that my Seed that another hath sown,
And I'll never look our King in Face,
If I Father, &c.

A Ballad of Old PROVERBS.



I Prethee Sweet-heart grant me my desire,
 For I am thrown as the old *Proverb* goes,
 Out of the Frying-pan, into the Fire,
 And there is none that pities my Woes.
 Then hang, or drown thy self, my Muse,
 For there is not a T—d to chuse.

Most Maids prove Coy of late, tho' they seem Holier,
 Yet I believe they are all of a Mind,
 Like unto like, quoth the Devil to the Collier,
 And they'll be true when the Devil is Blind.
 Let no one trust to their desire,
 For the burnt Child stills dreads the Fire.

What tho' my Love as white as a Dove is,
 Yet you would say, if you knew all within,
 Shitten come Shite the beginning of Love is,
 And for her Favour I care not a Pin.
 No Love of mine she e'er shall be,
 Sir-Reverence of her Company.

What

What tho' her Disdainfulness my Heart hath Cloven,
Yet I am of a so stately a Mind,
I'll not creep in her A—to bake in her Oven,
Tho' 'tis an old Proverb, that Cat will to kind.
But I will say until I die,
Farewel and be hang'd, that's twice Good-by.

Alas, no Enjoyments, nor Comfort I can take,
In her that regards not the worth of a Lover,
A T—is as good for a Sow, as a Pancake;
Swallow that Gudgeon, I'll fish for another.
She ne'er regards my aking Heart;
Tell a Mare a Tale. she'll let a Fart.

Now I'm sure as my Shoo is made of Leather,
Without good advisement and fortunate helps,
We two shall ne'er set our Horses together,
• For she's like a Bear being rob'd of her Whelps:
But as for me it shall ne'er be said,
You've brought an old House over your Head.

Lo, this is my Counsel to young Men that Woo,
Look well before you leap, handle your Geer,
For if you Wink and Shite, you'll ne'er see what you do:
So you may take a wrong Sow by the Ear,
But if she prove herself a Flurt,
Then she may do as does my shirt.

Fall Back. or fall Edge, I never shall bound be,
To make a Match with Tag-rag, or Long-tail;
He that's born to hang'd, never shall drown'd be,
Best is best cheap, if you hit not the Nail.
Shall I toil Gratis in the Dirt.
First she shall do as does my Shirt.

Cupid *no* P H Y S I C I A N.

By Mr. S. Teno.



A Restless Lover I espy'd,
 That went from Place to Place.
 Lay down and turn'd from side to side,
 And sometimes on his Face;
 But when those Med'cines were apply'd,
 In hope of Intermiffion,
 Like one that found no ease, he cry'd,
Has Cupid no Physician.

What

What do those Ladies with their Looks,
Their Kisses and their Smiles;
Can no Receipt in those fair Books,
Repair their former Spoils?
But they complain as well as we,
Their Pains have no remission;
And when both Sexes wounded be,
Ha! Cupid no Physician?

Have me such Palsies and such Pains,
Such Fevers and such Fits,
No quick Essential Chimick Grains,
No *Æsculapius* Wits?
No Creature can beneath the Sun,
Prevail in opposition,
And when such Wonders may be done,
Ha! &c.

Into what Poisons do they dip,
Their Arrows and their Darts,
That touching but our Fingers end?
The Pain doth prick our Hearts,
Now I perceive before I get
Into the Inquisition,
Death never had a Surgeon yet,
Nor Cupid a Physician.

The Young Maid's Portion.

Now all my Friends are laid in Grave,
 And nothing they have left me,
 But a Mark a Year my Mother gave,
 By which for to protect me:
 Yet I live on the Leaguer still,
 As brave as any Lady,
 And all is with a Mark a Year,
 The which my Mother gave me.

I have my Pimps at my Command,
My Coach upon me tending,
If any one be cut or slash'd,
Or any one Offending,
They'll bear me out of all the Rout,
As brave, &c.

My high Commode, my Damask Gown,
My lac'd Shoos of Spanish Leather,
A Silver-Bodkin in my Head,
And a dainty Plume of Feather,
I'll take Tobacco with a Grace,
As brave, &c.

A Lord, a Knight, a Gentleman,
Is welcome to my Oven;
The finical Courtier with his Tricks,
Whose Beard's but newly shaven,
All's one to me, whos'e'er he be,
He's welcome still as may be,
God a mercy Mother, for thy Gift
Is a Portion for a Lady.

The RESOLUTION.

Set by Mr. King.



NOW lie upon a Jealous Brain,
 That doth his Love Mistrust,
 Whose scorching Blood runs through each Vein,
 To judge his Looks unjust :
 Give me that noble minded Heart,
 That never will do so,
 But loves by Nature, not by Art,
And let all others go.

Let

Let no Man think that *Cupid's* Shot,
Can wound an Honest Breast,
He that still fears a jealous Plot,
Will never live at rest:
That Man I love that hates to fear
The slander of a Foe,
'Tis he that shall my Favour wear,
And let all others go.

If any do my Vertue Praise,
And thinks to flatter me,
His Subtile Tongue his Heart betrays,
His Follies I can see;
That Man I'll have, will not suspect
An honest Woman's No,
'Tis he shall be my choice Eleot,
And let, &c.

Some Men by Witchcraft seek to gain,
Their Love with charmed Spice,
Such Love I scorn to entertain,
Fram'd by a base device;
I'll humour him that seeks no Charms,
Nor *Cerberus* Cups below,
I'll hug him in my Ivory Arms,
And let, &c.

He that threatens when I smile,
I'll vex him when he weeps;
He that Loves but a Watching while,
I'll Horn him when he Sleeps:
But he that with unspotted Breast,
Bears Love as pure as Snow,
Shall be my guest at *Cupid's* Feast,
And let all others go.

LOVE for LOVE

Set by Mr. King.

Shall I waſting in Deſpair,
 Die becauſe a Woman's Fair,
 Or make pale my Cheeks with Care,
 Becauſe anothers Roſie are :
 Be ſhe fairer than the day,
 Or the flowry Mead in May,
 If ſhe think not well of me,
 What care I how fair ſhe be.

Shall

Shall my foolish Heart be pin'd,
 'Cause I see a Woman's kind,
 Or a well-disposed Nature
 Joined with a comely Feature?
 Be she mild, or kinder than
 The *Turtle-Dove*, or *Pelican*,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I how Kind she be.

Shall a Woman's Vertue move,
 Me to perish for her Love,
 Or her Merits Value known,
 Make me quite forget my own?
 Be she with Goodness blest,
 As may deserve of Men the best,
 If she be not so to me,
 What care I who good she be.

'Cause her Fortune seems too high,
 Shall I play the fool and Die?
 She that bears a noble Mind,
 If not outward Helps she find,
 Thinks what with them she will do.
 That without them she dares Woe:
 And unless that Mind I see,
 What care I how good she be.

Be she Good, or Kind, or Fair,
 I will ne'er the more Despair;
 If she love me, this believe,
 I will die e'er she shall Grieve.
 If she slight me when I Woe,
 I will scorn and slight her too;
 For if she be not fit for me,
 What care I for whom she be.

The Country Man's DELIGHT.



IN Summer time when Flowers do Spring,
 and Birds sit on a Tree,
 Let Lords and Knights say what they will,
 there's none so merry as we;
 There's Will and Moll,
 Here's Harry and Doll,
 With Brian and bonny Betty;
 Ob, how they did jerk it,
 Caper and ferk it,
 Under the Green-wood Tree.

Our Musick in a little Pipe,
that can so sweetly play,
Whom we do hire from *Whitfontide*,
till latter *Lamas-day* :
On Sabbath-days,
And Holy-days,
After Evening-Prayer comes he,
And then, &c.

Come play us *Adam* and *Eve*, says *Dick*,
What's that, says little Pipe?
It is the beginning o'th' World, quoth *Dick*,
for we are Dancing-ripe :
It's that you call,
Then have at all,
He plaid with a merry Glee,
O then, &c.

In comes our Gaffer *Underwood*,
and sets him on the Bench,
His Wife and Daughter *Ne're-be-good*,
That pretty round-fac'd Wench :
There's Neighbour *Chuck*,
And *Habakkuk*,
They all come there to see,
O how, &c.

From thence we go to Sir *William's* Ground,
and a rich Old Cub is he,
And there we dance around, around,
but the Devil a Penny we see ;
From thence we get
To *Summerfet*,
Where Men be frolick and free,
And there, &c.

The Second Part.

MY Lord's Son must not be forgot,
 So full of merry Jest,
 He Laughs to see the Girls so hot,
 and jumps in with the rest :
 He doth them assail
 With his Calves Tail,
 And he thrusts it in to see,
O ! how they do, &c.

A Pox of all those snuffling Knaves,
 that do our Sports despise,
 We value not the sneaking Slaves,
 They're more precise than Wife :
 Bots on them all
 Both great and small,
 And such Hypocrisie,
For we will, &c.

Tho' bonny *Nell* do bear the Bell,
 'mongst Gallants gay and gaudy :
 Our *Margery's* as light as she,
 and yet she is not Baudy :
 When she with trusty *Arthur* meets,
 and *Bob* with *Barnaby*,
O ! how thy do frig it,
Fump it and Fig it,
Under the Green-wood-Tree.

We fear no Plots of *Jews* or *Scots*,
 For we are jolly Swains,
 With Plow and Cow, and Barley-Mow,
 we busie all our Brains :

No City Cares,
Nor Merchant's Fears
Of Wreck, or Piracy,
Therefore we can Flant it,
Revel and Rant it,
Under the Green-wood Tree.

O'er Hills and Dales, and *Whitson-Ales*,
we dance a merry fit,
When *Susan* sweet with *John* doth meet.
She gives him Hit for Hit;
From Head to Foot,
She holds him to't,
And jumps as high as he:
O! how they do spring it,
Flounce it and fling it,
Under the Green-wood-Tree.

With Kibbon red in Hat on Head,
young *Ralph* doth skip and jump,
Joan has a new long Scarf of blew,
that reaches to her Rump:
With Petty-coats
As light as Moats,
Which in the Sun we see,
O! how they did skip it,
Trample and Trip it,
Under the Green-wood-Tree.

No time is spent with more content,
in City, Court, or Camp,
We fear no *Covent-Garden* Gout,
nor *Pickadilly* Cramp:

From Scurvy we,
Are always free,
And evermore shall be,
So long as we Whisk it,
Frig it, and frisk it,
Under the Green-wood-Tree.

On Meads and Launs, we trip like Fauns,
like Fillies, Kids, or Lambs,
We have no twinge to make us cringe
or crinkle in the Hams.
When some Disease
Doth on us seize,
With one Consent go we,
To Jig it and Firk it,
Caper and Ferk it,
Under the Green-wood-Tree.

When we're well fir'd and almost tir'd,
that Night is drawing on,
And that we must confess (as just)
our dancing day is done;
The Night is spent
With more content,
For then we all agree,
To Cock it and Dock it,
Smock and Knock it,
Under the Green-wood-Tree.

Three Glorious Things.

Set by Mr. Tenoe.



IT is my Delight both Night and Day,
 To Praise the Women as much as I may;
 Three things be Glorious,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 The Sun, an Angel, and a Woman,
It is my Delight both Night and Day,
To praise the Women as much as I may.

Three things be Precious,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 Bright Pearl, fine Gold and a Woman.
It is my Delight, &c.

Three Things there be Lowring,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 A Pidgeon, a Turtle-Dove and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three things there be Loving,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 An Ape, an old Fox, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three Things will be Angry,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 A Wasp, a Wesel, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three Things will be Scratching,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 A Cat, a Briar, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three Things will be a Chattering;
 I'll tell you if I can,
 A Pye, a Popinjay, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three Things will lie close to a Man,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 A Flea, a Louse, and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three Things must be Beaten,
 I'll tell you if I can,
 A Stock-fish, a Mill-stone, and a Woman,
It is, &c.

Three things must be stuffed,
I'll tell you if I can;
A Pudding, a Cushion, and a Woman,
It is, &c.

Three things there are ill to Tame,
I'll tell you if I can,
The Devil, a Wild Colt and a Woman.
It is, &c.

Three things there are will make you Lean,
I'll tell you if I can,
Brown Bread, small drink, and a curst Quean.
It is, &c.

From these three Plagues, I'll pray as I can,
To bless and to keep every Honest Man.
It is, &c.

A RIDDLE Wittily Expounded.



THere was a Lady of the North-Country,
Lay the Bent to the bonny Broom,
And she had lovely Daughters three,
Fa, la la la, fa, la la la rare.

There was a Knight of Noble worth,
lay the Bent, &c.
 Which also lived in the North,
fa la, &c.

The Knight of Courage stout and brave,
lay the Bent, &c.
 A Wife he did desire to have,
fa la, &c.

He knocked at the Lady's Gate,
lay the Bent, &c.
 One Evening when it was late,
fa la, &c.

The youngest Sister let him in,
lay the Bent, &c.
 And pin'd the Dore with a Silver Pin,
fa la, &c.

The second Sister she made his Bed,
lay the Bent, &c.
 And laid soft Pillows under his Head,
fa la, &c.

The Youngest that same Night,
lay the Bent, &c.
 She went to Bed to this young Knight,
fa la, &c.

And in the Morning when it was day,
lay the Bent, &c.
 These words unto him she did say,
fa la, &c.

Now you have had your Will (quoth she)
lay the Bent, &c.
 pray Sir Knight will you Marry me?
fa la, &c.

The young brave Knight to her reply'd,
lay the Bent, &c.

[Thy Suit, Fair Maid, shall not be deny'd,
fa la, &c.

If thou can't answer me Questions three,
lay the Bent, &c.

This very day I will Marry thee :
fa la, &c.

Kind Sir in Love, O then quoth he,
lay the Bent, &c.

Tell me what your three Questions be,
fa la, &c.

O what is longer than the Way ?
lay the Bent, &c.

Or what is deeper than Sea ?
fa la, &c.

Or what is louder than a Horn ?
lay the Bent, &c.

Or what is sharper than a Thorn ?
fa la, &c.

Or what is greener than the Grass ?
lay the Bent, &c.

Or what is worse than a Woman was ?
fa la, &c.

The Damsel's Answer to the Three Questions

O Love is longer than the way,
lay the Bent, &c.

And Hell is deeper than the Sea,
fa la, &c.

And Thunder's louder than the Horn,
lay the Bent, &c.

And Hunger's sharper than a Thorn,
fa la, &c.

And Poyson's greener than the Grass.
lay the Bent, &c.

And the Devil's worse than the Woman was,
fa la, &c.

When she these Questions answered had,
lay the Bent, &c.

The Knight became exceeding glad.
fa la, &c.

And having truly try'd her Wit,
lay the Bent, &c.

He much commended her for it,
fa la, &c.

And after, as 'tis verifi'd,
lay the Bent, &c.

He made of her his lovely Bride,
fa la, &c.

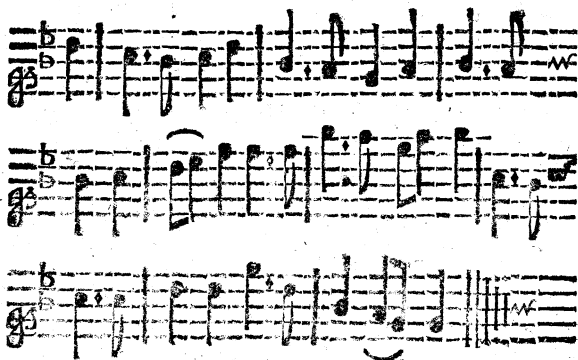
So now fair Maidens all adieu,
lay the Bent, &c.

This Song I dedicate to you,
fa la, &c.

I wish that you may Constant prove,
lay the Bent to the bonny Broom,

Unto the Man that you do love,
fa, la la la, fa, la la la ra re.

The Cumberland L A S S.



THere was a Lass in Cumberland,
 a bonny Lass of high Degree :
 There was Lass, her name was Nell,
 the blithest Lass that e'er you see:
 Ob! to bed to me, to bed to me,
 the Lass that comes to bed to me.
 Blith and bonny may she be,
 the Lass that comes to bed to me.

Her Father lov'd her passing well,
 so did her brother fancy Nell:
 But all their Loves came short of mine,
 as far as Tweed is from the Tyne.
 Ob! to bed to me, to bed to me, &c.

She had five Dollars in a Chest,
 four of them she gave to me :
 She cut her Mother's Winding-Sheet,
 and all to make a Sark for me,
 Ob! to bed to me, to bed to me, &c.

She

She pluck'd a Box out of her Purse,
 of four Gold Rings she gave me three;
 She thought her self no whit the worse,
 she was so very kind to me.
Ob! to bed to me, to bed to me, &c.

If I were Lord of all the North,
 to Bed and Board she should be free;
 For why, she is the bonniest Lass,
 that is in all her own Country;
Ob! to bed to me, &c.

Her Cherry-Cheeks and Ruby Lips,
 doth with the Damask Rose agree,
 With other Parts which I'll not Name,
 which are so pleasing unto me;
Ob! to bed to me, &c.

Far I have rid both East and West
 and been in many a strange Country,
 Yet never met with so kind a Lass,
 compar'd with *Cumberland Nell*;
Ob! to bed to me, &c.

When I embrace her in my Arms,
 she takes it kind and Courteously,
 And hath such pretty winning Charms,
 the like whereof you ne'er did see;
Ob! to bed to me, &c.

There's not a Lass in *Cumberland*
 to be compar'd to smiling *Nell*,
 She hath so soft and white a Hand,
 and something more that I'll not tell,
Ob! to bed to me, &c.

Up to my Chamber I her got,
there I did treat her Courteously,
I told her, I thought it was her Lot
to stay all Night and Lig with me,
Oh! to bed to me, &c.

She, pretty Rogue, could not say nay,
but by consent we did agree,
(That she for a fancy, there should stay,
and come at Night to bed to me :
Oh! to Bed to me, &c.

She made the Bed both broad and wide,
and with her Hand she smooth'd it down;
She kiss'd me thrice, and smiling said,
my Love, I fear thou wilt sleep too soon:
Oh! to Bed to me, &c.

Into my bed I hasted strait,
and presently she follow'd me,
It was but in Vain to make her wait,
for a Bargain must a Bargain be,
Oh! to Bed to me, &c.

Then I embrac'd this lovely Lass,
and strook'd her Wem so bonnily,
But for the rest we let it pass,
For she afterward sung Lulaby ;
*Oh! to bed to me, to bed to me,
the Lass that came to bed to me,
Bliss and bonny sure was she,
the Lass that came to bed to me.*

The Northumberland BAGPIPE.



A Shepherd set him under a Thorn,
 he pull'd out his Pipe and began for to play,
 It was on a *Mid-summers-day* in the Morn,
 for honour of that Holy-day:
 A Ditty he did chant along,
 that goes to the Tune of *Cater-Bordee*,
 And this was the burthen of his Song,
 If thou wilt *Pipe Lad*, I'll dance to thee,
 to thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee, &c.

And

And whilst this Harmony he did make,
a Country Damsel from the Town,
A Basket on her Arm she had,
a gathering Rushes on the Down :
Her Bongrace was of Wended Straw ;
from the Son's hot Beams her Face is free,
And thus she began when she him saw,
If thou wilt Pipe Lad, I'll dance to thee, &c.

Then he pull'd out his Pipe, and began to sound,
whilst tempting on her Back she lay,
But when his quavering Note she found,
how sweetly then this Lads could play :
She stopp'd all Jumps, and she reveal'd,
she kept all Time with Harmony,
And looking on him, sighing said,
If thou wilt Pipe Lad, I'll dance to thee, &c.

She never so much as Blush'd at all,
the Musick was so charming sweet,
But e'er and anon to him she'd call,
and bid him be active, turn and meet :
As thou art a boon Shepherd's Swain,
I am a Lads am come to Woo thee,
To play me another double Strain,
And doubt not but I will dance to thee, &c.

Altho' I am but a silly Maid,
who ne'er was brought up at Dancing-School,
But yet to the Jig that thou hast plaid,
you find that I can keep Time and Rule :
Now see that you keep your Stops aright,
for Shepherd, I am resolv'd to view thee,
And play me the Damsel's chief Delight,
Then never doubt but I'll dance to thee, &c.

The Shepherd again did tune his Pipe,
 and plaid her a Lesson loud and shrill.
 The Damsel his Face did often wipe,
 with many a Thank for his Good Will;
 And said, I was ne'er so pleas'd before,
 and this is the first time that I knew thee,
 Come play me this very Jig once more,
And never doubt, but I'll dance to thee, &c.

The Shepherd, he said, as I am a Man,
 I have kept playing from Morning till Noon,
 Thou know'st I can do no more then I can;
 my Pipe is clearly out of Tune;
 To ruin a Shepherd I'll not seek,
 said she, for why should I undoe thee,
 I can come again to the Down next Week,
*And thou shalt Pipe, and I'll dance to thee,
 to thee, to thee, derry, derry, to thee.*

The Hide-Park FROLICK.



One



O Ne Evenning a little before it was dark,
 sing, tan tara rara tan-tivee,
 I call'd for my Gelding, and rid to *Hide-Park*
 on tan tara rara tan tivee;
 It was in the merry Month of *May*,
 When Meadows and Fields were gaudy and Gay,
 And Flowers apparel'd as bright as the Day,
I got upon my Tan-tivee.

The *Park* shone brighter than the Skies,
 sing tan tara rara Tan-tivee,
 With Jewels and Gold, and Ladies Eyes,
 that sparkled, and cry'd, come see me;
 Of all parts of *England*, *Hide-Park* hath the Name,
 For Coaches and Horses and Persons of Fame,
 It looked at first sight like a Field full of Flame,
Which made me ride up Tan-tivee.

There hath not been such a sight since *Adam's*,
 for Perriwig, Ribbond and Feather,
Hide-Park may be term'd the Market of Madams,
 or *Lady-Fair*, chuse you whether;
 Their Gowns were a yard too long for their Legs,
 They shew'd like the Rain-bow cut into Rags,
 A Garden of Flowers, or Navy of Flags,
When they did all mingle together.

Among

Among all these Ladies, I singled out one,
 to prattle of Love and Folly ;
 I found her not Coy, but jovial as *Joan*,
 or *Betty*, or *Margret*, or *Molly* :
 With Honours and Love, and stories of Chances,
 My Spirits did move, and my Blood she advances,
 With twenty *Quodundrums*, and fifty five Fancies,
I'd have been at her Tan-tivee.

We talk'd away time until it grew dark,
 the Place did begin to grow privy ;
 For Gallants began to draw out of the Park.
 to their Horses did gallop tantivee :
 But finding my Courage a little to come,
 I sent my Bay Gelding away by the Groom,
 And proffer'd my Service to wait on her Home,
In her Coach we went bosh Tan-tivee.

I offer'd and proffer'd, but found her strait-lac'd,
 she cry'd, I shall never believe ye ;
 This Arm full of Sattin I bravely embrac'd,
 and fain would have been at Tan-tivee :
 Her Lodging was pleasant for scent and for sight,
 She seem'd like an Angel by Candle-light,
 And like a bold Archer, I aim'd at the White,
Tan-tivee, tan-tivee, tan-tivee.

With many Denials she yielded at the last,
 Her Chamber being wondrous privy,
 That I all the Night there might have my repast,
 to run at the Ring tan-tivee.
 I put off my Cloaths, and I tumbled to Bed,
 She went in her Clo'set to dress up her Head,
 But I Peep'd in the Key-hole to see what she did,
Which put me quite beside my Tan-tivee.

She took off her Head-tire, and shew'd her bald Pate,
 her Cunning did very much grieve me,
 Thought I to self, if it were not so late,
 I would home to my Lodgings believe me.

Her

Her hair being gone, she seem'd like a Hag,
Her bald-pate did look like an *Ostrich's Egg*.
This Lady (thought I) is as right as my Leg,
She hath been too much at Tan-tivee.

The more I did peep, the more I did spy,
Which did unto amazement drive me :
She put up her Fingure, and out dropt her Eye;
I pray'd that some Power would relieve me :
But now my resolves was never to trouble her,
Or venture my Carcass with such a blind Hobler,
She look'd with one Eye just like *Henson the Cobler*,
When he us'd to ride Tan-tivee.

I peep'd, and was still more perplexed therewith,
thought I, tho't be Midnight I'll leave thee ;
She fetch'd a yawn, and out fell her Teeth,
this Quean had intents to deceive me :
She drew out her Handkerchief as I suppose,
To wipe her high Fore-head, off dropt her Nose,
Which made me run quickly and put on my Hose,
The Devil is in my Tan-tivee.

She washt all the Paint from her Vizage, and then
she look'd just, (if you will believe me)
Like a *Lancashire Witch* of four score and ten ;
and as the Devil did drive me,
I put on my Cloaths, and cry'd Witches and Whores,
I tumbl'd down stairs, broke open the doors,
And down to my Country again to my Boors
Next morning I rid Tan-tivee.

You North-Country Gallants that live pleasant Lives,
let not Curiosity drive ye,
To leave the fresh Air, and your own Tenant's Wives,
for Sattin will sadly deceive you ;
For my part I will no more be such a Meacock,
To deal with the plumes of a *Hide-Park Peacock*,
But find out a Rusty-coat Wench and a Hay-cock,
And there I will ride Tan-tivee.

The Beggar's DELIGHT:

Courtiers, Courtiers, think it no harm,
 that silly poor Swains in Love should be,
 For Love lies hid in Rags all torn,
 as well as Silks and Bravery;
 For the Beggar he loves his Lass as dear,
 as he that hath thousands, thousands, thousands,
 He that hath Thousand Pounds a Years.

State and Title are pitiful things,
 a lower State more happy doth prove,
 Lords and Ladies, Princes and Kings,
 with the Beggar hath equal Joys in Love;
 And my pretty brown *Cloris* upon the Hay,
 hath always as killing, killing, killing,
 Hath always as killing Charms as they.

A Lord will purchase a Maiden-head,
 which perhaps hath been lost some years before,
 A Beggar will pawn his Cloak and his Trade,
 content with Love to lye, and live Poor;

Our eager Embraces in Coal-sheds
are always more pleasing, pleasing, pleasing,
Than theirs that are dull in downy Beds.

Our *Cloris* is free from Patches and Paint,
Complexion and Features sweetly agree,
Perfections which Ladies often do want,
is always intail'd on our Pedigree ;
Sweet *Cloris* in her own careless Hair,
is always more taking, taking, taking,
Than Ladies that Towers and Pendants do wear.

A Dutchess may fail, created for Sport,
by using of Art, and changing of Things,
Tho' she were the Idol and Goddess o'th' Court,
the Joys and the Pleasure of Don, Prince, or Kings;
Yet *Cloris* in her old Ruffet-Gown,
she's sound, she's sound, she's sound,
And free from the Plague and Pox of the Town.

A Beggar's as boon and as brisk in the dark,
as she that is painted red and white,
And pleases her Mate, tho' not such a Spark
as lies by the side of a Lord or Knight;
And *Cloris* hath Beauty to Content,
so long as she's wholsom, wholsom, wholsom,
She pleases us, we don't repent.

What tho' all the day she's attir'd in Rags,
Yet once a Week she changes her Smock ;
And she that has Gold and Silver in Bags,
She can do no more than match a good Cock ;
She's willing and ready to show her Art,
And fill with her Kisses, Kisses, Kisses,
She'll conquer the Senses and the Heart.

All the night long we do hug and embrace,
 the greatest and rich can do no more,
 And when to the Swain she joins her Face,
 He thinketh what Joys there's for him in store,
 By the taste of the Bliss, so happy's he,
 he crys there's no Beggar, Beggar, Beggar,
 Could so blest or so fortunate be.

The touch of her hand encreases his Flame,
 Who conquer'd by Charms, a Captive doth lie.
 And when he but thinks of his true Love's Name,
 he vows for her sake he could freely die;
 Then she revives him again with a Kiss,
 he cries you undo me, undo me, undo me;
 Had ever poor Soul such Pleasures as this?

Then Galants, ne'er envy the Poor's Delight,
 'tis pleasure to Love, and a plague to be Free;
 Tho' some for our Poverty do us slight,
 there's none alive more happy than we,
 We well are content with what we enjoy,
 and once in a twelvemonth, twelvemonth, twelvemonth
 We are blest with a Girl, or a Boy.

Content is a thing we strive to possess,
 And better it is than a golden Mine,
 Since us with the same the Heaven do bless,
 what cause have we for to repine:
 No, we've enough our Hearts to suffice,
 and he that doth murmur, murmur, murmur,
 Will never be happy nor wise,

Joan to the MAY-POLE.



Joan to the May-pole away let's run,
 The time is swift, and will be gone :
 There go the Lasses away to the Green,
 Where their Beauties may be seen;
 Nan, Noll, Kate and Moll,
 Brave Lasses have Lads to attend 'em,
 Hodge, Nick, Tom, Dick,
 Brave Country Dancers, who can amend 'em ?

Did you not see the Lord of the May,
 Walk along in his rich Array?
 There goes the Lads that is only his,
 See how they meet, and how they Kiss !

H

Come

Come *Will*, run *Gill*,
 Or do'st thou list to lose thy Labour?
Kit Crowd, scrape aloud,
 Tickle her *Tom*, with a Pipe and a Tabor.

Lately I went to a Masque at Court,
 Where I see Dances of ev'ry sort;
 There they did Dance with Time and Measure,
 But none like Country Dance for Pleasure:
 There they did Dance just as in *France*,
 Not like the *English* lofty manner,
 And every she must furnished be
 With a feather'd knack, when she sweats, for to fan her.

But we, when we Dance, and do happen to sweat,
 Have a Napkin in hand for to wipe off the wet,
 And we with our *Doxies* do jig it about,
 Not like the Court, which often are out:
 If the Tabor do play, we thump it away,
 And turn, and meet our Lasses to Kiss 'em;
 Nay, they will be as ready as we,
 That hardly at any time can miss 'em.

Yonder comes *Dolly* over the Down,
 And *Roger* he gives her a fair Green-Gown,
 See how he Hands her up again,
 And how they trip along amain:
 They pass o'er the Grass,
 And at every Stile they are Billing,
 He gives, she receives,
 Being Youthful, Ready, and Willing.

There is not any that shall out-vie
 My little pretty *Foan* and I;
 For I'm sure I can Dance as well,
 As *Robbin*, *Jenny*, *Tom* and *Nell*:

Last Year we were here,
When rough *Ralph* he play'd us a Boree;
And we merrily
Thump'd it about, and gain'd the Glory.

Come, sweet *Joan*, let us call a new Dance,
That we before 'em may advance,
Let it be what you desire and crave,
And sure the same sweet *Joan* shall have :
She cry'd, and reply'd,
If to please me thou wilt endeavour,
Sweet Pig, the Wedding-Jig,
Then my Dear, I'll love thee for ever.

Sure I will grant thee thy request,
And learn thee that amongst the rest ;
For e'er it be long, we'll Married be,
And then my pretty *Joan* shall see
Fine Toys, sweet Joys,
And soft Kisses too, out of Measure,
Sweet Charms in my Arms,
This will be a Fountain of Pleasure.

And if we hold on as we begin,
Joan, thee and I the Garland shall win;
Nay, if thou live till another day,
I'll make thee Lady of the *May*.
Dance about, in and out,
Turn and Kiss, and then for Greeting ;
Now *Joan* we have done;
Fare thee well till next merry Meeting.

The Wiltshire WEDDING.



ALL in a misty Morning,
 cloudy was the Weather,
 I meeting with an old Man,
 was cloathed all in Leather,
 With ne'er a Shirt unto his Back,
 but Wool unto his Skin;
*With how do you do? and how do you do?
 and how do you do agen?*

The Rustick was a Thresher,
 and on his way he dy'd,
 And with a Leather Bottle
 fast Buckl'd by his side;

And

And with a Cap of Woollen,
which cover'd Cheek and Chin,
With bow, &c.

I went a little further,
and there I met a Maid,
Was going then a Milking,
a Milking Sir, she said:
Then I began to Compliment,
and she began to Sing;
With bow, &c.

This Maid her name was *Dolly*,
cloath'd in a Gown of Gray,
I being some what Jolly,
perswaded her to stay:
Then strait I fell to Courting her,
In hopes her Love to win,
*With bow do you do? and bow do you do?
and bow do you do agen.*

Then having time and leisure,
I spent a vacant hour,
Telling of all my Treasure,
whilst sitting in the Bower:
With many kind Embraces,
I stroak'd her double Chin;
With bow, &c.

I told her I would Marry,
and she should be my Bride,
And long we should not tarry,
with twenty things beside:
I'll plow and Sow, and Reap and Mow,
while thou shalt sit and Spin;
With bow, &c.

Did you not know my Father,
 the Damsel then reply'd,
 His Jerkin was of Leather,
 a Bottle by his side :
 Yes, I did meet him trudging,
 as fast as he could win,
With bow, &c.

Kind Sir, I have a Mother,
 beside a Father, still,
 Those Friends above all other,
 you must ask their good will :
 For if I be Undutiful
 to them, it is a Sin ;
With bow, &c.

Now there we left the Milk-Pail,
 and to her Mother went,
 And when I was come thither,
 I asked her Consent,
 And doft my Hat, and made a Leg,
 for why she was within ;
With bow, &c.

My Husband is a Thresher,
 who is her Father dear,
 He'd give with her his Blessing
 kind Sir, you need not fear :
 He is of such good Nature,
 That he would never lie,
With bow, &c.

For by your Courteous Carriage,
 you seem an honest Man,
 You may have her in Marriage,
 my Husband he anon
 Will bid you very welcome,
 tho' he be poor and thin,
With bow, &c.

Her

Her Dad came home full weary,
 alas ! he could not chuse ;
Her Mother being Merry,
 She told him all the News :
Then he was mighty Jovial too,
 his Son did soon begin,
With bow, &c.

Her Parents being willing,
 all Parties was agreed ;
Her Portion thirty Shilling,
 they Marry'd were with speed :
Then *Will* the Piper he did play,
 while others Dance and Sing ;
With bow, &c.

In pleasant Recreation,
 they pass'd away the Night,
And likewise by relation,
 with her he takes delight
To walk abroad on Holy-days,
 to visit Kiff and Kin :
With bow, &c.

Then lusty *Ralph* and *Robin*,
 with many Damsels gay,
Did ride on *Roan* and *Dobbin*,
 to Celebrate the day :
When being met together,
 their Caps they off did fling,
With bow do you do, and bow do you do,
 and bow do you do agen ?

Poor ANTHONY.



VV As ever a Man so vext with a Trull,
 As I poor *Anthony*, since I was Wed,
 For I never got my Belly full,
 But e'er I have supp'd, I must hasten to Bed;
 Else she'd begin to Scold and to Brawl,
 And to call me Puppy, and Cuckold, and all;
 Yet she with her Cronics must troul it about,
 Whilst I in my Kennel must snore it out.

I once did go to drink with a Friend,
But she in a trice did fetch me away,
We both but Two-pence a-piece did spend,
Yet proved to me Execution-day.
For she flew in my Face, and call'd me Fool,
And comb'd my head with a three-legged Stool;
Nay, she furnish'd my Face with so many Scratches,
That for a whole Month 'twas cover'd with patches.

What ever Money I get in a day,
To keep her in quiet, I give her at Night;
Or else she'll license her Tongue to play,
For two or three Hours, just like a Sprite.
Then to the Cubboard peelgarlick must hie,
To see for some Crufts that long have lain dry;
So steep 'em in Skim-milk until they are wet,
And commonly this is the Supper I get.

And once a Month, for fashion's sake,
She gives me leave to come to her Bed,
But most of that time I must lie awake,
Left she in her Fits should knock me o'th' head.
But as for the Bed I lie on my self;
You'd think 'twere as soft as an Oaken Shelf;
For the Tick it is made of Hempen Hurds,
And yet for all this, I must give her good words.

We commonly both do piss in pan,
But the Cullendar once was set the place;
She then did take it up in her hand,
And flounc'd it out on my Stomach and Face.
I told her then she went beside,
But she call'd me Rogue, and told me I ly'd,
And swore it was not up to her Thumb,
And then threw the pan i'th' middle o'th' Room.

Then a Maid that was my Sweet-heart before,
Did come to the House to borrow a Pail;
I Kiss'd her but once, and I thought on't do more,
But she flew in her Face Tooth and Nail.
But the Wench stood to her and claw'd her about,
That for a whole Fort-night she never stir'd out;
For her Face was so swell'd, and her Eyes were so sore,
That I never saw Jade so ang'l'd before.

She then did bid me drop in her Eyes,
A soveraign Watet sent her that day;
But I had a Liquor I more did prize,
Made of Henbane and Mercury, steeped in Whey.
I dropt in, and annointed her Face,
Which brought her into a most devilish case;
For she tore and ranted, and well she might,
For after that time, she never had Sight.

I then did get her Dog and a Bell,
To lead her about from Place to place;
And now 'tis *Husband* I hope ye are well;
Before 'twas Cuckold and Rogue to my Face,
Then blest be that Henbane and Mercury strong,
That made such a change in my Wife's Tongue;
You see 'tis a Med'cine certain and sure,
For the cure of a Scold, but I'll say no more.

The Ballad of the CAPS.



THe Wit hath long beholding been
 Unto the Cap to keep it in,
 But now the wits fly out amain
 in praise to quit the Cap again ;
 The Cap that keeps the highest part
 Obtains the place by due desert :
 For any Cap, what e'er it be,
 Is still the sign of some degree.

The *Monmouth* Cap, the Sailors thumb,
 And that wherein the tradesmen come,
 The *Physick* Cap, the *Cap Divine*,
 And that which Crowns the *Muses nine*,
 The Cap that fools do Countenance,
 The goodly Cap of Maintenance.
 For any Cap, &c.

The sickly Cap both plain and wrought,
 The Faddling Cap how ever bought,
 The Worsted, Furr'd, the Velvet Sattin,
 For which so many pates learn Latin;
 The Cruel Cap; the Russian Pate,
 The Perriwig a Cap of late :
For any Cap, &c.

The Souldiers that the *Monmouth* were,
 On Castles-tops their Ensigns rear;
 The Sea-man with his Thrumb doth stand
 On higher parts than all the land;
 The Tradesman's Cap aloft is born,
 By 'vantage of a stately horn,
For any Cap, &c.

The Physick Cap to dust can bring
 Without controul the greatest King,
 The Lawyers Cap hath Heavenly might
 To make a crooked action straight;
 And if you'll line him in the fist,
 The Cause he'll warrant as he list,
For any Cap, &c.

Both East and West, and North and South,
 Where e'er the Gospel hath a mouth,
 The Cap Divine doth thither look;
 'Tis Square like Scholars and their Books :
 The rest are Round, but this is Square,
 To shew their Wits more stable are :
For any Cap, &c.

The Jester he a Cap doth wear,
 Which makes him fellow for a Peer,
 And 'tis no slender piece of Wit
 To set the Fool, where great Men sit;
 But O, the Cap of *London Town*,
 I wis, 'tis like a goodly *Crown*.
For any Cap, &c.

The

The Sickly Cap though wrought with silk,
Is like repentance, white as milk;
When Caps drop off at health apace,
The Cap doth then your head uncase.
The sick man's Cap (if wrought) can tell
Though he be sick, his Cap is well.
For any Cap, &c.

The Fudling Cap by *Bacchus's* might,
Turn's night to day, and day to night;
We know it makes proud heads to bend,
The lowly feet for to Ascend;
It makes men richer than before,
By seeing doubly all their Store,
For any Cap, &c.

The Furr'd and Quilted Cap of age
Can make a mouldy proverb sage,
The Satin and the Velvet hive
Into a Bishoprick may thrive;
The Triple Cap may raise some hope,
If fortune serve, to be a Pope,
For any Cap, &c.

The Periwig, O, this declares
The rise of flesh, though fall of hairs,
And none but Gransires can proceed
So far in sin, till they this need,
Before the King, who covered are,
And only to themselves stand bare,
*For any Cap, what e'er it be,
Is still the sign of some degree.*

The Ballad of the BEARD.

THe Beard thick or thin on the Lip or Chin,
 Doth dwell so near the Tongue,
 That her silence in the Beards defence
 May do her Neighbour wrong.

Now a Beard is a thing that Commands in a King,
 Be his Scepters ne'er so fair :
 Where the Beard bears the sway the people obey,
 And are subject to a hair.

'Tis a Princely sight, and a grave delight,
 That adorns both young and old ;
 A well thatcht face is a comely grace,
 And a shelter from the Cold.

When the piercing North comes blustering forth
 Let a barren face beware ;
 For a trick it will find, with a Razor of wind,
 To shave the face that's bare.

But there's many a nice and strange device
 That doth the Beard disgrace,

But

But he that is in such a foolish sin
Is a traitor to his face.

Now of the Beards there be such a company,
And fashions such a throng,
That it is very hard to handle a Beard ;
Though it be ne'er so long.

The Roman T, in its bravery,
Doth first it self disclose,
But so high it turns, that oft it burns
With the flames of a Torrid Nose !

The Stiletto Beard, oh ! it makes me afeard,
It is so sharp beneath,
For he that doth place a Dagger in's Face,
What wear's he in his Sheath ?

But methinks I do Itch to go through flitch
The Needle Beard to amend,
Which without any wrong, I may call too long,
For a man can see no end.

The Soldiers Beard, doth march in shear'd ;
In figure like a Spade.
With which he'll make his enemies quake,
And think their graves are made.

The grim Stubble eke on the Judges cheek
Shall not my verse despise ;
It is more fit for a Nutmeg, but yet,
It grates poor Prisoners eyes.

What doth invest a Bishops breast
But a Milk-white spreading hair ?
Which an Emblem may be of Integrity,
Which doth inhabit there.

I have also seen on a Woman's Chin
 A hair or two to grow,
 But alas the Face, it is too cold a place !
 Then look for a Beard below.

But oh ! let us tarry for the Beard of King *Harry*
 That grows about the Chin,
 With his bushy pride, and a grove on each side,
 And a Champion ground between.

Last the Clown doth out rush, with his Beard like a bush,
 Which may be well endur'd ;
 For though his face be in such a case,
 His Land is well manur'd.

The Tunbridge Doctors.

To the Tune of Packingtons-Pound.

YOU *Maidens and Wives,*
 And young *Widows* rejoyce,
 Declare your thanksgiving,
 With Heart and wth Voice ;
 Since Waters were Waters
 I dare boldly say,
 There ne'er was such cause
 Of a Thanksgiving day.

For from *London-Town*
 There's lately come down,
 Four Able *Physicians*
 That never wore Gown :
 Their Phylick is pleasant,
 Their Dose it is large,
 And you may be Cur'd
 Without Danger or Charge.

No Bolus nor Vomit,
 No Potion nor Pill,
 Which sometimes do Cure,
 But oftner do Kill,
 Your Taste nor your Stomach
 Need ever displease,
 If you'll be advised
 But by one of these.

For they've a new Drug
 Which is call'd *the close Hug*,
 Which will mend your Complexion,
 And make you look smug,
 A Sovereign Balsom
 Which once well apply'd,
 Though griev'd at the Heart
 The Patient ne'er Dy'd.

In the Morning you need not
 Be robb'd of your rest,
 For in your warm Beds
 Your Physick works best;
 And though in the taking
 Some stirring's requir'd,
 The motion's so pleasant
 You cannot be tir'd.

For on your Backs you must lie,
 With your Body rais'd high,
 And one of these Doctors
 Must always be by,
 Who still will be ready
 To cover you warm,
 For if you take cold
 All physick doth harm.

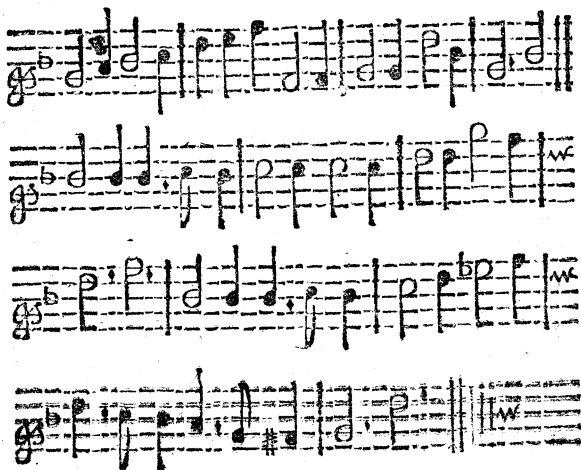
Before

Before they do venter
To give their direction,
They always consider
Their Patients complexion;
If she have a moist Palm
Or a Red Head of Hair,
She requires more Physick
Thaa one man can spare.

If she have a long Nose,
The Doctor scarce knows
How many good handfuls
Must go to her Dose;
You Ladies that have
Such ill symptoms as these;
In reason and conscience
Should pay double fees.

But that we may give
To these Doctors due praise;
Who to all sorts of people
Their favours conveys;
On the ugly for pity sake
Skill shall be shown,
And as for the handsom,
They're Cur'd for their own.

On the Silver or Gold
They never lay hold,
For what comes so freely
They scorn should be sold:
Then joyn with the Doctors,
And heartily pray,
Their power of Healing
May never decay.

The Farmer's Daughter.

Cold and raw the North did blow,
 Bleak in the Morning e
 All the Trees were hid in Snow,
 Dag'd by Winter yearly;
 When come riding over a Slough,
 I met with a Farmer'r Daughter,
 Rosie Cheeks and bonny Brow,
 Good faith made my Mouth to water.

Down I veil'd my Bonnet low,
 Meaning to shew my breeding,
 She return'd a graceful bo
 Her Visage far exceeding :

I ask'd her where she went so soon,
And long'd to begin a Parly,
She told me to the next Market Town
A purpose to sell her Barley.

In this purse, sweet Soul, said I,
Twenty pounds lie fairly,
Seek no farther one to buy,
For I'll take all thy Barley:
If Twenty more shall buy Delight
Thy Person I love so dearly
If thou wilt lig with me all Night,
And go in the Morning early.

If twenty pound could buy the Globe,
Quoth she this I'd not do, Sir,
Or were my Kin as poor as *Job*,
I wou'd not raise 'em so, Sir,
For should I be to Night your friend,
We'll get a young Kid together,
And you'd be gone e'er the nine Months end,
And where should I find a Father?

I told her I had wedded been
Fourteen years and longer,
Or else I'd chose her for my Queen,
And tie the Knot much stronger;
She bid me then no farther rome,
But manage my Wedlock fairly,
And keep my Money for Sponse at home,
For another should have her Barley.

The Country Lads, to the same Tune.

WHat tho' I am a Country Lads,
 A lofty mind I bear a;
 I think my self as good as those,
 That Gay Apparel were a:
 What tho' my Coat be Home-spun Gray,
 My Skin it is as soft a,
 As those that in their Cypress Veles,
 Do carry their Heads aloft a.

What tho' I keep my Father's Sheep,
 'Tis a thing that must be done a,
 A Garland of the Choicest Flow'rs,
 Shall shade me from the Sun a,
 And where I see the Feeding Bee,
 When Grass and Flowers spring a,
 Hard by a Chrystal fountain stream,
 I sit me down and Sing a.

My Leather Bottle stufft with Sage,
 My Drink it is but thin a,
 No Wine hath taught my brains to rage,
 Nor tempt my Blood to sin a,
 My Country Curds, my Wooden Spoon,
 My things are very Fine a,
 And on some Flow'ry Bank at Noon,
 I sit me down and Dine a.

What tho' my Portion will allow,
 No Bags of shining Gold a,
 As Farmers Daughters now adays,
 Like Swine are Bought and Sold a,
 I'll keep my Naked Body sound,
 And an Honest Soul within a,
 And for a Hundred Thousand Pounds
 I value it not a Pin a.

I have no Jewels in my Ears,
 Nor Gems to deck my Neck a;
 Nor Glittering Rings with Stones I wear,
 My Fingers for to Deck a,
 But for that Man when e'er it chance,
 That I shall Grace to Wed a;
 I'll keep a Jewel worth them all,
 I mean my Maiden-Head a.

A Lad of the Town.

A Lad o'th Town thus made his moan
 One Winter Morning early,
 Alas, that I must lie alone,
 And Moggey's Bed so near me :
 All Night I tofs, I turn and righ,
 Nor ever can I close my Eye,
 Thinking that I lig so nigh,
 The Lads I Love so dearly.

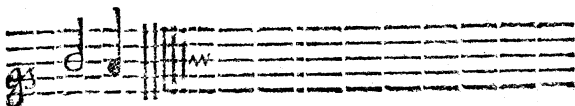
She's

She's all Delight from foot to crown,
And just Eighteen her Age is,
And that she still must lie alone,
My Heart and Soul intrudes;
I'd give the World I might put on
Each Morn her Stocking or Shoon,
If I were but her Serving Loon
I'd never ask for Wages.

• If Mogge, would but be my Bride
I'd take no Parents warning;
Nor value all the World beside,
Nor any Lasses scorning:
My Love is grown to such a height,
I prize so much my own delight
I care not, had I her one Night
If I were hang'd i'th' Morning.

A Ballad on New BETHLEM:





THis is a Structure fair,
 Royally raised,
 The pious Founders are
 Much to be praised;
 That in such times of need,
 When Madness doth exceed,
 To build this House of Bread
 Noble *New-Bedlam*.

'Tis beautiful and large
 In constitution,
 Deserves a Liberal Charge
 Of contribution.
 If I may reach so high,
 To sing a Prophecy,
 Their Names shall never die
 That Built *New-Bedlam*.

Methinks the Lawyers may
 Consult together,
 And Contribute, for they
 Send most Men thither;
 They put 'em to much pain.
 With Words that cramp the Brain,
 Till *Bedlam's* fill'd with Plain-
 tiff and Defendant.

Quacking Physicians shou'd
 Give Money freely,
 They maculate Mens Blood,
 And make them silly;
 With *Hydragargyrum* Pills,
 Their Reasons and their Wills
 They ruine, and this fills
 Most part of *Bedlam*.

So good a Work as this
 Cannot want Actors,
 But I'll no more insist
 On Benefactors,
 But hint such as I see
 Hypochondriack be,
 And are in some degree
 Fit for *New-Bedlam*.

That Amorous Soul that is
 In Love a Quaker,
 And doth adore a Miss
 More than his Maker,
 Decks her in Silk and Furr,
 Then turns Idolater,
 Kneels down and Worships her,
 He's fit for *Bedlam*.

The young Man that has got
 A golden Talent;
 And hath a brain-sick Plot
 To seem a Gallant;
 That richly is array'd,
 Spends Land, and Shop, and Trade,
 To be a *Hector* made;
 Is fit for *Bedlam*.

The City-Lad that sings,
 Rhimes, Drolls and Dances,
 And all his business flings
 Away for Fancies;
 He that lets his Angels fly,
 'Till he's not worth one Penny,
 To study Poetry,
 Is fit for *Bedlam*.

Whilst some with Brandy burn
 Their Guts with drinking,
 Philosophers do turn
 Their Heads with thinking ;
 He who is such a one,
 As studies for the Stone,
 Till's Brains and his Money's gone,
 Prepares for *Bedlam*.

That Churl who Gold hath won,
 And dares not use it ;
 But hath a squandring Son
 Doth Game and lose it :
 His Brain doth greatly err,
 He that with Water clear
 Would fill a Colander,
 Must do't in *Bedlam*.

He that with an Estate
 Weds a poor Beauty,
 Who to Disdain and Hate,
 Turns Love and Duty ;
 It doth his Reason daunt
 He has a Bargain on't,
 Worse than the Elephant,
 And's fit for *Bedlam*.

I could tell many more,
 (I have enroll'd 'em)
 Should I declare my store,
 As I have told 'em ;
 With Morter, Brick and Stone,
 Could they their Building run
 From thence to *Islington*,
 'Twould never hold 'em.

An Ancient SONG of Bartholomew-Fair.



IN Fifty five, may I never Thrive,
 If I tell you any more than is true,
 To London she came, hearing of the Fame
 Of a Fair they call *Bartholomew*.

In Houses of Boards men walk upon Cords,
 As easie as Squirrils crack Filberds,
 But the Cut-purses they do bite and rub away,
 But those we suppose to be Ill-Birds.

For a Penny you may zee a fine Puppet-play,
 And for Two-peace a rare piece of Art,
 And a Penny a Can, I dare swear a Man
 May put zix of 'em into a Quart.

There Zights are so rich, is able to bewitch
 The Heart of a very fine Man a ;
 Here's *Patient Grizil* here, and *Fair Rosamond* there,
 and the History of *Susanna*.

At *Pey-corner* end, mark well my good Friend,
 'Tis a very fine dirty place, (knows
 Where there's more Arrows and Bows, the Lord above
 Then was handl'd at *Chivy-Chase*.

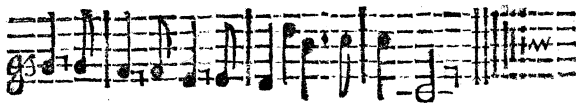
Atevery door lies a Hag or a Whore,
 And in *Hofier-Lane* if I a'n't mistaken,
 Zuch plenty there are of Whores, you'll have a pair
 To a zingle Gamon of Bacon.

(Stars,
 Then at *Smithfield-Bars*, betwixt the Ground and the
 There's a place they call *Sboomaker-Row*,
 Where that you may buy Shoos every day,
 Or go bare-foot all the Year I tro.

T W O to O N E.



There



THere were two Bumpkins lov'd a Lass,
 And friving who should have her,
 She presum'd of what she had:
 And they of what they gave her:
Hey ho, hey ho, my heart's delight,
Carrouse away all Sorrow,
Let me tickle thy Wench twice to Night, to Night,
She should be thine to Morrow.

But we were both of one Consent,
 And something hath some favour,
 And let a poor Man be content
 With half a Wenches Favour.
Hey ho, &c.

But this is still against all Sense;
 Which evermore hath vex'd us,
 That ev'ry Lobcock hath his Wench,
 And we but one betwixt us.
Hey ho, &c.

Good Brother, let us not dismay,
 What hap so e'er betide us,
 For fear a Third should come this way,
 And pull our Wench beside us.
Hey ho, &c.

For Women they are Winning things,
 As mutable, as may be ;
 No Bird that ever flew with Wings,
 So subtil is as they be.
Hey ho, &c.

No matter who shall pledge her first,
 Affections are but blindness,
 And let the World say what they list,
 We'll take her double Kindness.
Hey ho, &c.

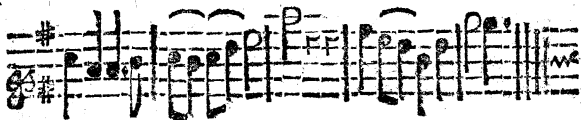
For she hath granted both our Sutes,
 When we came first unto her,
 And he shall Ride in both our Boots,
 That comes the next to Woe her.
Hey ho, &c.

The ROUND-HEAD.

By Mr. Butler, the Author of *Hudibras*.



What.



WHat Creature's that with his short Hairs,
 His little Band, and huge long Ears,
 That this New Faith hath founded?
 The Saints themselves were never such,
 The Prelates ne'er rul'd half so much,
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he that doth the Bishops hate,
 And counts their Calling Reprobate,
 Cause by the Pope Propounded,
 And thinks a Zealous Cobler better,
 Than learned *Usher* in every Letter,
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he that doth High-Treason say,
 As often as his Yea and Nay,
 And with the King Confounded,
 And dares maintain that *Mr. Pim*
 Is fitter for the Crown than him,
O such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he, that if he chance to hear
 A little piece of Common-Prayer,
 Doth think his Conscience wounded,
 Will go five Miles to Preach and Pray,
 And meet a Sister by the way.
Oh, such a Rogue's a Round-head.

What's he that met a Holy Sister,
And in a Hay-cock gently Kiss'd her?

O then his Zeal abounded :
'Twas underneath a shady Willow,
Her Bible serv'd her for a Pillow,
And there he got a Round-Head.

The Oxford EXPEDITION.

Tune of, Which No body can deny.

A Late Expedition to *Oxford* was made
By a Protestant P. and his Brother's o'th' Blade;
Who from *Gloucester* in Triumph his Lordship convey'd,
Which No body can deny, deny; which no body can deny.

Had you seen all his Myrmidons when they came to us,
Equipp'd in their sturdy gray Coats and high Shoos,
You'd have sworn not the Goals, but all Hell was broke
Which, &c. [loose

In Rank and in File there rode many a Man;
Some in the Rear March'd, and some in the Van,
Tho' some had no Hats, yet they had Head-pieces on,
Which, &c.

Some had two luffy Legs, but never a Boot,
And on their Tits mounted, they stood stoutly to't,
For the name of a Horse, they'd as good gone a Foot.
Which, &c.

Tho' *Steel* was not plenty, yet Armed they come,
With stout Oaken Plants, and with Crab-tree stick some,
To Cudgel the Pope and the Bald-pates of *Rome*.
Which, &c. For

For in this gay Troop's among twenty, scarce one
Had Holsters or Pistols, Sword, Carbine or Gun;
A sign they did mean no great Harm should be done.
Which, &c.

Here many a Gallant I'll warrant you that,
Had Ribband of Orange and Seaman's Cravat,
The defects of their Arms, were made up in State.
Which, &c.

One's Horse wore a Halter among all the rest,
Nor had the dull Wight half the sense of his Beast,
And he of two, deserv'd the Rope best.
Which, &c.

Here M——t and G——on their pamper'd Steeds prance,
Jack B—Grace, next Jack Willis advance,
Who look'd fierce as *Switzer*, who Drub'd him in *France*,
Which, &c.

In this Cavalcade for the Grace of the Matter,
Lord L——rod first, and the rest follow'd after,
They gallop'd up Town, and then down to the Water.
Which, &c.

The Mayor and his Brethren in courteous fashion,
Bid him welcom to Town in a fine pen'd Oration,
And thank'd him for taking such care of the Nation.
Which, &c.

His Honour next day in Courtship exceeding,
Return'd a smart Speech, to shew 'em his Breeding,
Which when 'tis in Print, twill be well worth your read-
Which, &c. [ing

Having taking it thus, to secure the Town,
The Guards are all set, and the Bridges pull'd down,
And tho' little Courage, his Conduct was shown.
Which, &c.

Next night an Alarm our Warriors surprize,
 Drums beat, Trumpets sound, and at Midnight all rise,
 To fight the King's Army, who came in Disguise.
Which, &c.

Next Morning at Eight, his Lordship did call,
 And ask'd if they'd got any Powder or Ball,
 But they Manfully answer'd, they had none at all.
Which, &c.

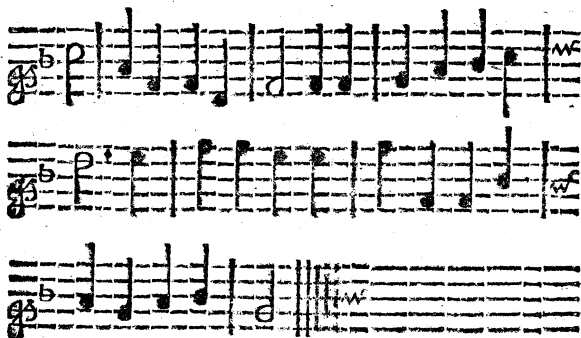
Among the Crowd, two fat Draymen appear,
 To guard Mr. Bailign, a huge nasty Farr,
 Who flourish'd a Blanket for Colours of War.
Which, &c.

At foot of the Colours, blith Crendon did go,
 Who play'd a new Tune, which you very well know,
 For his Bag-pipes squeak'd nothing but *Lero, Lero.*
Which, &c.

Ah! had the dear Joys but come in the nick,
 Ifancy they'd show'd 'em a slippery Trick,
 For they'd March'd more nimbly without his Musick.
Which, &c.

Since *England* was *England*, no People e'er scarce
 So pleasantly Barleſq'd the angry God *Mars*,
 Or of Affairs Warlike, e'er made such a Farce.
Which no body can deny, deny; which no body can deny.

A Scotch Song in the Trick for Trick.



A Broad as I was walking upon a *Summers* day,
 There I met a Begger woman cloathed all in Gray
 Her Cloaths they were so torn, you might have seen her
 (Skin,

She was the first that taught me to see the Golin.
 Ah, see the Golin my Jo! see the Golin,

You Youngsters of Delight, pray take it not in scorn,
 She came of *Adam's* Seed tho' she was basely born;
 And tho' her Cloaths were torn, yet she had a Milk-white
 She was the first, &c. (Skin;

She had a pretty little Foot, and a moist Hand,
 With which she might compare to any Lady in the Land;
 Ruby Lips, Cherry-cheeks, and a dimpled Chin;
 She was the first, &c.

When that Ay had wooed, and wad her twa my will,
 Ay could not then devise the way to keep her Baby still;
 She bid me be at quiet, for she valued it not a pin:
 She was the first, &c.

Then

Then she takes her Bearn up, and wraps it weel in Cloaths
 And then she takes a Golin and stuck between her Toes,
 And ever as the Lurden cry'd, or made any din,
 She shook her Foot, and cry'd my *Jo*, see the Golin;
 And see the Golin, my *Jo*, see the Golin.

TOTTINGHAM Frolick.

To the fore-going Tune.

AS I came from *Tottingham*
 Upon a Market-day,
 There I met with a Bonny Laff
 Cloathed all in Gray
 Her Journey was to *London*,
 With Baster-milk and Whey.
 To come Down a down,
 To come Down, down a down a.

Sweet-heart, quoth he,
 You're well overtook,
 With that she cast her Head aside,
 And lent to him a Look;
 Then presently these two
 Both Hands together shook.
 To come, &c.

And as they rode together,
 A long side by side,
 The Maiden it so chanced,
 Her Garter was untied;
 For fear that she should lose it,
 Look here, Sweet-heart, he cry'd,
 Your Garter is down a down, &c.

Good

Good Sir, quoth she,
 I pray you take the Pain-
 To do so much for me,
 As to take it up again.
 With a good will, quoth he,
 When I come to yonder Plain.
I will take you down, &c.

And when they came unto the Place,
 Upon the Grass so green,
 The Maid she held her Legs so wide,
 The Young man slip between,
 Such tying of a Garter,
 You have but seldom seen.
To come down, &c.

Then she rose up again,
 And thank'd him for his pain :
 He took her by the Middle small,
 And Kiss'd her once again :
 Her Journey was to London,
 And he from Highgate came.
To come down, &c.

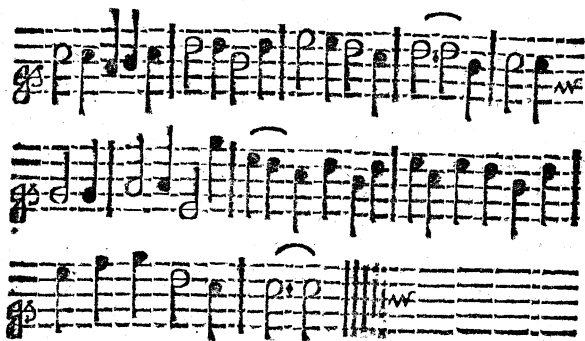
Thus Tibb of Tottingham,
 She lost her Maiden-head,
 But yet it is no matter,
 It stood her in small stead,
 For it did often trouble her,
 As she lay in her Bed.
To come, &c.

But when all her Butter-milk
 And her Whey was sold,
 The loss of her Maiden-head,
 It waxed very cold :
 But that which will away,
 is very hard to hold.
To come, &c.

You

You Maids, you Wives, and Widows,
 That now do hear my Song,
 If any Young man proffer Kindness,
 Pray take it short, or long;
 For there is no such Comfort
 as lying with a Man,
 To come, &c.

A Ballad of a Good Wife and a Bad.



SOME Wives are Good, and some are Bad,
 [Reply.] *Metbinks you touch them now,*
 And some will make their Husbands mad,
 [Cho.] *And so will my Wife too:*
 And my Wife, and thy Wife,
 And my Wife so will do.

Some Women love to breed Discord,
 Metbinks, &c.
 And some will have the latter Word,
 [Cho.] *And so will my Wife too:*
 And my Wife, &c.

Some

Some Women will Spin, and some will Sow,
Metbinks, &c.

And some will to the Tavern go,
[Cho.] *And so will my Wife too :*
And my, &c.

Some Women will say, they're sick at Heart,
Metbinks, &c.

And some will let a rousing Fart,
[Cho.] *And so will my Wife too :*
And my, &c.

Some Women will Ban, and some will Curse,
Metbinks, &c.

And some will pick their Husbands Purse,
[Cho.] *And so will my Wife too :*
And my, &c.

Some Women will Brawl, and some will Scold,
Metbinks, &c.

And some will make their Husbands Cuckolds,
[Cho.] *And so will my Wife too :*
And my, &c.

Some Women will Drink, and some will not,
Metbinks, &c.

And some will take the other Pot,
[Cho.] *And so will my Wife too :*
And my, &c.

Some Women are sick, and some are sound,
Metbinks, &c.

And some will take it on the Ground,
[Cho.] *And so will my Wife too :*
And my, &c.

Thus of my Song I'll make an end,
Metbinks, &c.

Hoping all Women will amend,
[Cho.] *And so will my Wife too :*
And my, &c.

A Song in the Praise of Chalk:

By Mr. Pinis.



V While 'the Citizens prate
 Over Ale of the State,
 And talk of Bank-Bills and Exchequer,
 Let us, who drink Wine,
 Now summon the *Nine*,
 In the praise of what pays for our Liguour;

Let

Let other Folks sing
Of a Lord, or a King,
Or some Quality Fopling Petition,
Till Footman comes down
With Thanks, or a Crown,
And smiles at the Mortal's Condition!

We the Lads at the *Rose*,
A Patron have chose,
Who's as void as the best is of Thinking,
And without Dedication,
Will assist in his Station,
And maintain us in Eating and Drinking.

Boys, out with your Chalk,
And let the Glass walk,
'Tis a crying Sin not to be Grateful;
While there's Pit of this Coin,
We will swim all in Wine,
And reel home to our Beds, with our Pate full.

Tho' Relation or Friend
Will not give us or Lend,
Wherewithal for to down with the Ready,
Yet our good Landlord *Bliss*
Makes acceptance of this,
And this Boys, must Cloath ye, and Feed ye.

With the *White* then in hand,
The *Red* let's command,
And keep drinking and scoring brisk Claret,
Till the Bar run on Wheels,
And *Will* takes to his Heels,
And sculks home from the Watch, to his Garret.

Cælia's Rundlet of Brandy.

The Words by *T. Brown.*



TO Charming *Celia's* Arms I flew,
And there all Night I feasted,
No God such Transport ever knew,
Or Mortal ever tasted.

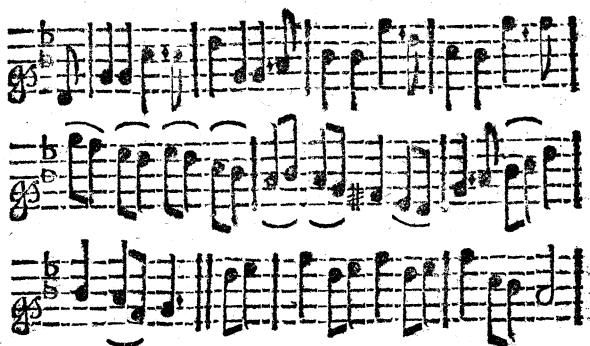
Loft in the fweet tumultuous Joy,
 And blefs'd beyond Exprefling,
 How can your Slave, my Fair, fald I,
 Reward, fo great a Bleffing?

The whole Creation's Wealth furvey,
 O'er both the *Indies* wander,
 Ask what brib'd Senates give away,
 And Fighting Monarchs fquander.

The richeft Spoils of Earth and Air,
 The rifled Ocean's Treasure,
 'Tis all too poor a Bribe by far,
 To purchafe fo much Pleafure.

She blufhing cry'd, my Life, my Dear,
 Since *Celia* thus you Fancy,
 Give her, but 'tis too much, I fear,
 A Rundlet of right *Nantay*.

Coufm T A F F Y.





THere was Man, a Shentleman,
 And hur was porn, where hur was twell,
 In truth, hur was a gallant Man,
 As all hur Country Folk can tell :
 Was a great deal of House, was a great deal of Land,
 Taffy, Taffy, Taffy :
 Was Hawk, was Hound at hur Command,
 Cousin Taffy, Taffy,

Hur Mother was porn of Noble Plood,
 And hur was come of a great pig House,
 And every day was wear French Hood,
 Was kill hur Capon, Pig, and Coose,
 And every day was make great Pye, Taffy, Taffy,
 In truth it is true, I tell you no Lie, Cousin Taffy.

And to the Poor hur did bequeath
 A great deal of Viſtuals every day ;
 But there was one was call hur Death,
 Was fetch this Shentleman away :
 Of House, of Land hur was berefen, Taffy, Taffy :
 Now hur was forc'd to twell in Heaven, Cousin Taffy.

Behind hur hur was leaf a Son,
 And hur was pear a gallant Mind,
 Was kill twey Spaniards with a Gun ;
 Hur was not of a Coward kind.
 At Killberry Camp, a great deal afore, Taffy, Taffy,
 O hur was there, and a Thousand more, Cousin Taffy.

Bowoyne hur was at *Tellenton*,
 At *Greenwitch* Park before hur Grace,
 Was shew hur self a gallant Man,
 And not a Coward in the place :
 Was a great deal of Horse, was a great deal of Foak,
Taffy, Taffy,
 Was a great deal of Gun, was a great deal of Smoak,
 Cousin *Taffy*.

But hur was meet with a great Mischance,
 As hur was pass a gay Lady by,
 Sir *Cupid* prick hur with a Lance,
 Was steal behind hur Cowardly,
 Was *doufty, fousty, doufty Dart, Taffy, Taffy,*
 Was hur Skin, was prick hur Heart, Cousin *Taffy*.

But was not this a great Mischance,
 As by hur Fortune does appear ?
 Sir *Cupid* prick hur with a Lance,
 Was almost Dead, was fery near :
 Was bid *Tom Sexton* Toll the Bell, *Taffy, Taffy,*
 Shudge you if *Cupid* us'd her well, Cousin *Taffy*.

Well a go to, was hold hur a Groat,
 Was petter a gone and kill hur Geese,
 Hur would not be in *Cupid's* Coat,
 Not for a great deal of Toasted-Cheese,
 For if ever *Cupid* come in *Wales, Taffy, Taffy,*
 Hur shall ne'er go to make more Prauls, Cousin *Taffy*,

The FRYER and the NUN.

FLy merry News among the Crews
 That love to hear of Jest;
 The oldest Sport that e'er was us'd,
 Yet chiefly in request.
 If any one do carp at thee,
 Or do thee Bawdy call,
 Say thou do'st write as they delight.
Of Up-tails all.

There hath a Question been of late,
 Among the Youthful sort,
 What Pastime is the pleasantest,
 And what the sweetest Sport?

And

And it hath been adjudged
As well by great as small,
That of all Pastimes none is like
To Up-tails all.

Batchelors will to this Game,
And Marry'd Men likewise,
Yea, Wives, yea Maids and Widows,
Will use it all their Lives.
And Old Men they will have a snatch,
Altho' they're Game's but small,
Yet these old Colts will have a bout
At Up-tails all.

If it were Unlawful,
Then Lawyers were to blame,
And if it were Ungodly,
To Priests it were a shame;
For they no doubt do use it,
Tho' it a Vice they call,
Yet Priests and Lawyers both will play
At Up-tails all.

It cannot be Unwholsom,
Physicians do it use;
And if that it were Noyson,
They would it then refuse:
And if it hurt the Body,
Then sure their Skill is small,
For why the best of these will play
At Up-tails all.

Ladies love the Pass-time,
And do the Pleasure crave;
And if it were a base thing,
Then it they would not have:

But yet the Fairest Woman.
 Will soonest for it call;
 There is no one but that will play
At Up-tails all.

If it were a Costly thing,
 Then Beggars could not buy it:
 And if it were a loathsome thing,
 Then Gentees would defy it:
 But it is a sweet thing, and pleasing unto all;
 There is not one but that will play
At Up-tails all.

Mad Maudlin to find out Tom of Bedlam.



TO find my Tom of Bedlam, Ten thousand Years I'll
 Travel;
 Mad Maudlin goes with dirty Toes to save her Shoos
 from Gravel.

Yet will I sing Bonny Boys, bonny Mad Boys, Bedlam
 Boys are Bonny;

They still go bare and live by the Air, and want no
 Drink, nor Money.

I now repent that ever poor Tom was so Disdain'd.
My Wits are lost since him I crost, which makes me go
(thus Chain'd.

Yet will I, &c.

My Staff hath Murder'd Gyants, my Bag a long Knife
(carries,
To Cut Mince-pyes from Childrens Thighs, with which
(I feast the Fairies.

Yet, &c.

My Horn is made of Thunder, I stole it out of Heav'n,
The Rain-bow there is this I ware, for which I thence
(was driv'n.

Yet, &c.

I went to Pluto's Kitchen, to beg some Food one Morn-
(ing,
And there I got Souls piping hot, with which the Spits
(were turning.

Yet, &c.

Then took I up a Cauldron where boy'd Ten thousand
(Harlots,
'Twas full of Flame, yet I drank the same to the health
(of all such Varlets.

Yet, &c.

A spirit as hot as Lightning, did in that Journey guide
 The Sun did shake, and the pale Moon quake, as soon
 (me,
 (as e'er they spi'd me.

Yet, &c.

And now that I have gotten a Lease, than Dooms-day
 To live on Earth with some in Mirth, ten Whales shall
 (longer,
 (feed my Hunger.

Yet. &c.

No Gipsie, Slut, or Doxy, shall win my Mad Tom from
 We'll weep all Night, and with Stars fight, the Fray
 (me,
 (will well become me:

Yet, &c.

And when that I have beaten the Man i'th' Moon to
 His Dog I'll take, and him I'll make as could no Damon
 (Powder,
 (louder.

Yet, &c.

A Health to Tom of Bedlam, go fill the Seas in Barrels,
 I'll drink it all, well Brew'd with Gall, and Maudling-
 (Drunk, I'll Quarrel.

Yet, &c.

JOHN and JOAN.



IF't please you for to hear,
And listen a while what I shall tell;
I think I must draw near,
Or else you won't hear me well.
There was a Maid the other Day,
Which in her Master's Chamber lay;
As Maidens they must not refuse,
In Yeomens Houses thus they use

In a Truckle-bed to lie,
Or another standing by:
Her Master and her Dame,
Said she shou'd do the same.

This Maid cou'd neither rest nor sleep,
When that she heard the Bed to crack,
Her Master Captive busie was :
Her Dame cry'd out, you hurt my Back :
Oh Husband you do me wrong,
You've lain so hard my Breast upon :
You are such another Man,
You'd have me do more than I can,
Tush Master, then says *Joan*,
Pray let my Dame alone
What a devillish squalling you keep,
That I can neither rest nor sleep.

This was enough to make a Maiden sick
and full of Pain,
She begins to fling and kick,
And swore She'd rent her Smock in twain,
But you shall hear anow,
There was a Man his Name was *John*,
To whom this Maid she went alone,
And in this manner made her moan,
I prithee *John* tell me no Lye,
What ails my Dame to squeak and cry ?
I prithee *Joan* tell me the same,
What it'st my Master gives my Dame ?

It is a Steel quoth *John*,
My Master gives my Dame at Night,
Altho some fault she find,
I'm sure it is her Heart's Delight,
and you *Joan* for your part,
You love one withal your Heart.

Yes,

Yes, marry then quoth *Joan*,
Therefore to you I make my moan ;
If that I may be so bold.
Where are these things to be sold ?
At *London* then said *John*,
Next Market day I'll bring thee one.

What will a good one cost,
If I shou'd charge to stand in need ?
Twenty Shillings, says *John*,
And for Twenty Shillings you may speed.
Then *Joan* she ran unto her Chest,
And fetch'd him Twenty shillings just :
John, said she, here is your Coin,
And I pray you have me in your Mind,
And out of my Love therefore,
There is for you Two shillings more,
And I pray thee honest *John Long*,
Buy me one that's stiff and strong.

To Market then he went,
When he had the Mony in his Purse,
He domineer'd and vapour'd,
He was as stout as any Horse.
Some he spent in Ale and Beer,
And some he spent upon good Cheer.
The rest he brought home again,
To serve his turn another time.
Welcome home honest *John*,
God a mercy gentle *Joan*.
Prithee *John* let me feel,
Hast thou brought me home a Steel ?

Yes, marry then quoth *John*,
And then he took her by the Hand,
He led her into a Room,
Where they cou'd see neither Sun nor Moon.

Together *John* the Door did clap,
 He laid the Steel into her Lap:
 With that *Foan* began to feel,
 Cuts Foot, quoth she, 'tis a dainty Steel.
 I prithee tell me, and do not lie,
 What are the two Things hang thereby?
 They be the two odd Shillings, quoth *John*,
 That you put last into my Hand.
 If I had known so much before,
 I would have giv'n thee two Shillings more.

A S O N G.



A Lusty young Smith at his Vice stood a Filing,
 Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub in and out, in and out ho,
 When to him a buxom young Damsel came smiling,
 And ask'd if to work at her Forge he wou'd go,
 With a rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, in and out, in
 (and out ho,
 A Match quoth the Smith, so away they went thither,
 Rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, rub, in and out, in and out, ho,
 They strip'd to go to't, 'twas hot Work, and hot Wea-
 (ther;
 She kindl'd a Fire, and soon made him blow,
 With a Rub, &c.

Her Husband she said could scarce raise up his Hammer,
 His Strength and his Tools were worn out long ago
 If she got her Journeymen, could any blame her;
 Look here quoth our Workman, my Tools are not so.
 With a Rub, &c.

Red-hot grew his Iron as both did desire,
 And he was too wise not to strike while 'twas so:
 Quoth she, what I get, I get out of the Fire,
 Then prithee strike home and redouble the blow.
 With a Rub, &c.

Six times did his Iron by vigorous heating,
 Grow soft in the Forge in a Minute or so:
 As often 'twas harden'd, still beating and beating.
 But the more it was soften'd it harden'd more slow.
 With a Rub, &c.

The Smith then wou'd go, quoth the Dame full of sorrow,
 Oh what wou'd I give, cou'd my Cuckold do so!
 Good Lad with your Hammer come hither to Morrow;
 But pray can't you use it once more e'er you go.
 With a Rub, &c.

A S O N G.



WHY are my Eyes still flow—ing,
 Why does my Heart thus trembling move ?
 Why do I sigh when go—ing
 To see the darling Saint I love ?
 Ah ! she's my Heaven, and in her Eyes the Deity :
 There is no Life like what she can give,
 Nor any Death like taking my Leave.
 Tell me no more of Glory,
 To Court's Ambition I've resign'd,
 But tell a long long Story,
 Of *Celia's* Face, her Shape and Mind ;
 Speak too of Raptures, that wou'd Life destroy to enjoy.
 Had I a Diadem, Sceptre and Ball,
 For one happy Minute I'd part with them all.

A New Scotch S O N G.



Walking down the Highland Towu,
 there I saw Lassies many,
 But upon the Bank in the highest rank,
 was one more gay than any.
 I look'd about for one kind Face,
 and I saw *Billy Scroggy*,
 I ask'd of him what was her Name,
 they call'd her *Catherine Logy*.

I travelled *East*, and I travelled *West*,
 and I travelled through *Strayboyy*.
 But the fairest Lass that e'er I see,
 was pretty *Catherine Logy*.

I travell'd East, and I travell'd West,
 And travell'd through *Straboggy*;
 But I'd watch a long Winter's Night,
 To see fair *Katherine Logy*.

I've a Love in *Lamer Moor*,
 A dainty Love in *Leith*, Sir;
 And another Love in *Edinburgh*,
 And twa Loves in *Dalkeith*, Sir.

Ride I East, or ride I West,
 My Love she's still before me;
 But gin my Wife should ken aw this,
 I shou'd be very sorry.

The Country W A K E.



IN our Country, and in your Country,
 Where Rufflers they were a raking,
 The rarest Pastime that ever you see,
 Was when Hay-cocks they were a making.

Jimmy and *Tom*, with Bottle and Bag,
 So merrily they were a quaffing;
 If you'd but zeen how *Joan's* Buttocks did wag,
 You'd burst your Heart with Laughing.

On another Hay-cock was *Vulcan* the Smith,
With *Dolly* that came from the Dairy ;
She thought that his Back was so full of Pith,
Which made her so willing to tarry.

Then rustling *Joan* came brustling in,
And said you are vull of your Frolicks ;
If you will not let black *Maggy* alone,
Beshrew she will take you by th' Bald-pate!

Then Satchel-arse *Ciss*, she went to P——
And they went Home to conduct her ;
And all the way after they did kiss,
And all the way homeward they pluck'd her.

Then down in a Dale was tumble-down *Dick*,
The Wenches they caught him and held him ;
Because he could not give 'em the Thing they did lack,
Poor Fellow, they threaten'd to Gueld him.

Then did you not hear of a Country Trick ?
They say that *Tuskin's* no Dastard ;
For when Country *Gillians* do play with their *Dicks*,
Then *London* must Father their Bastards.

The Chorus to be humour'd by the Hands and Elbows, as
the Soldier and the Sailor.

The Devil and the Collier.



The.



THE Devil he was so Weather-beat,

He was forc'd to take to a Tree,
Because the Tempest was so great.

his way he could not see :

Then under an Oak, instead of a Cloak,
he stood to keep himself dry,

There as he stood, a Fryer in his Hood
by chance came walking by.

The next that came by, was a Collier with his Cart,
that Coals was used to carry :

What Tradesman art thou the Devil then he said,
and he caus'd him a while to tarry,

For why, do I think with thee for to drink,
and he call'd for a glass of Claret ;

I know thee so well that thou comest from Hell:
and I think thou hast stole my Chariot.

The next that came by, was a Chimny-sweeper,
with his Brooms, his Poles and Shackles ;

What Tradesman art thou, the Devil then he said,
thou usest all these Tackles ?

I prithee gentle Blade, come tell me thy Trade,
thy face it is so besmear'd,

(Back,

If thou hadst not been so black with thy Tackles at thy
thou hadst made me damnable afraid.

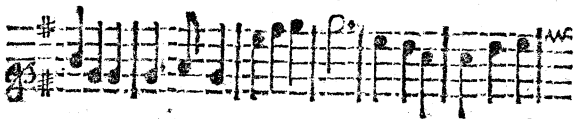
The

The next that came by, was a Tawny-moor,
as soon as the Devil did him 'spy,
He leared on his Tawny skin,
saying Friend, art any kin to me?
For why, thy skin doth resemble our kin,
therefore let us walk together,
And tell me how thou dost allow
of this Tempestuous Weather.

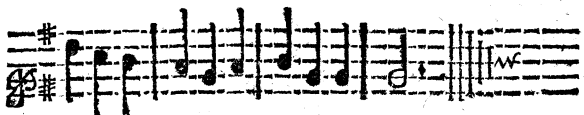
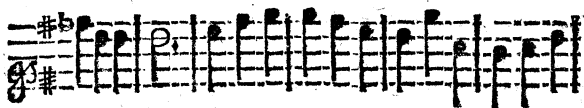
The next that came by, was a Gun-powder grinder,
with Coals and Brimstone Sifted,
Who for three-quarters of a Year,
himself he had not Shifted,
Then up the Devil rose and he snuff'd up his Nose,
he could endure no longer,
Away with this Fume out of the Room,
it will neither quench Thirst nor Hunger.

What Tradesman art thou, the Devil then he said,
methinks I know thee well?
My Trade it is Gun-powder for to make,
to blow the Devil out of Hell:
Oh, had I but him here, his Bones I would tear,
he should neither scratch nor bite,
I'd plague the Devil for all his Evil,
and make him leave wandering by Night.

The Irish Hallaloo.



Instead



Instead of our Buildings and Castles so brave,
 Into our Caverns we're forc'd for to crave,
 When we are driven along the Bogs,
 We root up Putatoes like the wild Hogs.

Instead of their Beavers, and Castors so good,
 In their picked Caps they are forc'd to the Wood :
 And when they are driven along the Passes,
 They've nothing but Tatters to hang on their Arses.

Instead of their Mantles lined with Plush,
 They're forc'd to seek Rags off every Bush :
 When they have gotten a very good Cattle,
 They go to the Butchers and there make a Mantle.

Instead of their Boots with Tops so large,
 I'm sure they are rid of that same Charge ;
 Now they have gotten a thin pair of Brogues,
 And into the Woods among the Wild Rogues.

Their Mutton and Beef they are all wild Runts,
 Their Wives are all nasty, and so are their C—ts :
 But I'll keep my Fiddle-stick out of their Cases,
 They stink like Privies, a Pox of their Arses.

The Lady's New-Years-Gift.

*To an excellent new Country Tune, called
Newington Butts.*



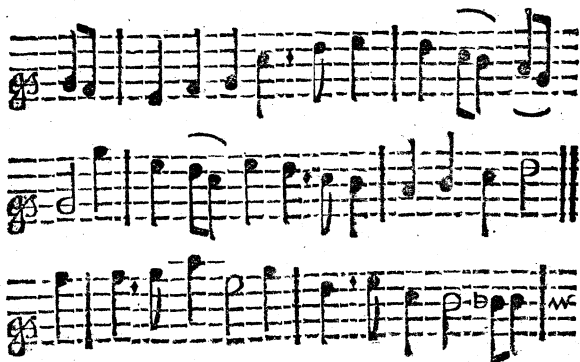
VV Women are wanton, yet cunningly Coy ;
 Lacivious, yet Crafty, to make us obey :
 When once they have noos'd us, triumphant they ride,
 And trample down Man, that was made for their Guide.
 Cho. But let them remember their Grannum Eve's Fate,
 Left they smart for their Folly, repenting too late.

This

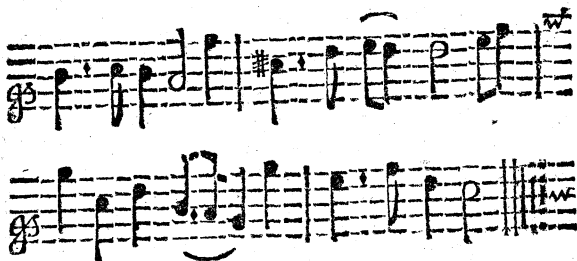
This Creature was made a Help-meet for the Man,
 And so he approv'd her, deny it who can,
 But surely poor *Adam* was soundly asleep,
 Whilst out of his Side this dear Blessing did creep
 Chor. *But let them remember, &c.*

Old Painters did from them resembling the Snail,
 Their House on their Backs was, and in it their Tail,
 Implying that Modesty kept something in,
 Tho' now they'll expose all from Tail up to Chin;
 Chor. *But let them remember, &c.*

On a Campaign M I S S.



What



What if *Betty* grows old,
and her Features decay,
She's Young while she drinks,
'tis the Grape makes her gay:

See how her Eyes shine,
they sparkle with drink,
Such a lustre has Wine,
they never can sink,
Such a lustre has Wine, they never can sink,

Let the Fops doat on Faces,
her Soul's my delight,
She can't want for Graces,
who Tipples all Night.

Long Marches o'er Furrows,
no place can her find,
In spite of Camp sorrows,
poor *Betty* will be kind.

Boy fill up our Glasses,
not a Wrinkle will stand,
They're Fools who use Washes,
when *Claret's* at hand.

A Scotch S O N G.

Set by Seignior Baptift.



TH E Weather's too bleak now to gang out of Doors,
 And faith by the Chimny Ize pals the long Hours,
 And gin that my Dear wilt now stay with me there,
 It may for blest *Jockey* freeze on the whole Year :

My bonny blith *Fenny*, then never let's part,
 No Cold here I fear, but that of thy Heart ;
 This Weather together weze dally and play,
 Enjoying and toying, as if it were *May*.

In

In Summer 'tis sweet to trip o'er the Land,
And in the green Meadows to walk hand in hand ;
When every Loon
Of his Lafs begs a Boon,
Or on the soft Grass gives her a Green-Gown.
Our Leisure, and Pleasure
Shall now be as great ;
Weze Tattle, and Prattle,
And Blessing reap :
And when I my *Jenny* fast by me do hold,
She'll say it is rather too warm than too cold.

The Sound Country Lafs.



These

THese *London Wench*s are so stout,
 They care not what they do ;
 They will not let you have a Bout
 Without a Crown or two.

They double their Chaps, and curl their Locks,
 Their Breaths perfume they do ;
 Their Tails are pepper'd with the Pox,
 And that you're welcome to.

But give me the Buxom Country Lass,
 Hot piping from the Cow ;
 That will take a touch upon the Grass,
 Ay, marry, and thank you too.

Her Colour's as fresh as a Rose in *June*,
 Her Temper as kind as a Dove ;
 She'll please the Swain with a wholesome tune,
 And freely give her Love.

To SYLVIA.





State and Ambition alas ! will deceive ye,
 There's no solid Joy but the Blessing of Love ;
 Scorn does of Pleasure, fair *Sylvia*, bereave ye,
 Your Fame is not perfect till that you remove :
 Monarchs that sway the vast Globe in their Glory,
 Know Love is their brightest Jewel of Power ;
 Poor *Philemon*'s Heart was ordain'd to adore ye,
 Ah ! then disdain his Passion no more.

Jove on his Throne was the Victim of Beauty,
 His Thunder laid by, he from Heaven came down ;
 Shap'd like a Swan, to fair *Leda* paid Duty,
 And priz'd her far more than his heavenly Crown :
 She too was pleas'd with her beautiful Lover,
 And stroak'd his white Plumes, and feasted her Eye ;
 His Cunning in Loving, known well how to move her,
 By Billing, begins the Business of Joy.

Since divine Powers-Examples have given,
 If we should not follow their Precepts, we sin ;
 Sure 'twill appear an affront to their Heaven,
 If when the Gate opens, we enter not in.
 Beauty my dearest, was from the beginning
 Created to Calm our amorous Rage ;
 And she that against the Decree will be sinning,
 In Youth still will find the Curse of Old Age.

Cuckolds Creation.



WHat's a Cuckold, learn of me,
 Few can tell his Pedigree,
 Or his subtil Nature Coaster,
 Born a Man, yet dies a Monster.

Yet great Antiquarians say
 They spring from old Methuselah
 Who after Noab's Flood was found
 To have his Crest with Branches Crown'd.

But in Eden's happy shade,
 Such a Creature ne'er was made,
 Then to cut off all mistaking,
 Cuckolds are of Woman's making.

A S O N G,

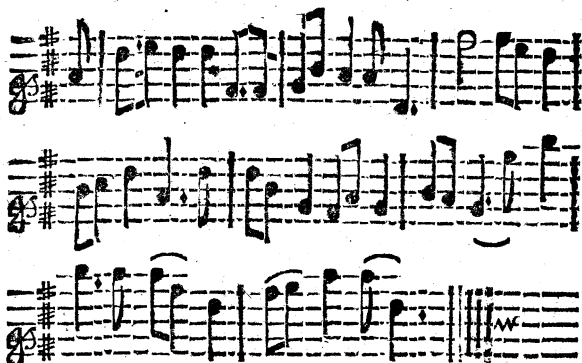


Nothing than *Cloe* e'er I knew
 by Nature more befriended,
Celia's less Beautiful, 'tis true,
 But by more Hearts attended.

No Nymph alive with so much Art,
 Receive's her Shepherd's firing,
 Nor does such Cordial drops impart
 To Love, when just Expiring.

Why thus, ye Gods, who cause our smart,
 Do you Love's Gifts disserve?
 Or why those happy Talents part,
 Which shou'd be join'd for ever?

For once perform an Act for Grace,
 Implor'd with such devotion,
 And give my *Celia Cloe's* Face,
 Or *Cloe Celia's* Motion.

Mr. Dogget's S O N G.

I'LL sing you a Song of my Mistris that's pretty,
 A Lady so frolick and gay ;
 It tickles my Fancy to tune her sweet Ditty,
 For Love was all her Play.

She's witty and pretty, and tunes like a Fiddle,
 A Lady so frolick and gay ;
 She begins at both Ends, and ends in the Middle,
 For Love was all her Play.

She hugs and she kisses without a Word speaking,
 A Lady so frolick and gay ;
 She falls on her Back without flinching, or squeaking,
 For Love was all her Play.

She's laden with Graces of Virtue and Honour,
 A Lady so frolick and gay ;
 'Twixt a fair pair of Sheets with warm Love upon her,
 For Love was all her Play.

The Crafty Mistress's Resolution.

ALL the Town so Lewd are grown,
hereafter you must excuse me;
If when you discover your self a Lover,
I think it is all a Lye:

Oaths and Sighs, and melting Eyes,
 you'll sacrifice to seduce me,
 The silly poor Women are often undone,
 and happily warn'd am I.

Excuse me for flying, and for denying,
 for Faith Sir, I must refuse you,
 Excuse me for knowing the cheats of your Wooing,
 and for the request excuse me:
 Excuse me if when you Vow'd and Swore,
 I thought you design'd to deceive me,
 But now who makes Love till his Eyes run o'er,
 shall never hereafter abuse me.

Wit and Youth did once invade,
 my Heart e'er I was Twenty,
 And I silly Creature, through meer good Nature,
 believ'd him what e'er he swore.
 Young and unpractic'd in the Trade,
 of Love I was not scanty;
 But he who my Innocence then betray'd,
 shall never deceive me more.

For now tho' he Flatter, and Ogle and Chatter,
 and still in the Dance will chuse me,
 Then Argue the Case too, and look like an Ass too,
 he after all this shall loose me;
 For now I will Female-Cunning use,
 and all our stock of Revenge produce,
 The Rebel to Honour has broke the Truce,
 and all Mankind shall excuse me.

His soft Words I will not mind,
 wherewith he strives to amuse me;
 Nor to his feign'd Passion, so much in Fashion,
 will I at all give heed:

Though

Though with sighs he swares he dies,
and vows he can't live if he loose me,
Yet to his Tale I'll be deaf as the Wind,
and never will let him Speed.

And by my so doing, I'll fit him for Wooing,
with an intent to abuse me?
He that wou'd not Marry, I'faith now shall tarry,
And for not yielding, excuse me:
By Man, I will be decoy'd no more,
my Passion no more it undoes me:
Once I believed what the false One had Swore,
but yet for all that, he shall loose me.

Tho' Wit and Youth they do plead,
and with new Charms present me,
And tho' he flatter, he's never the better
for I'll believe him no more:
No more to Love i'll be betray'd,
but shun the danger it meant me,
'Tis happier far for to live a Maid,
if there were no more Men in store.

But since there are many, and I can have any,
whose Honesty will not abuse me,
I'll find one that's true to, and so bid adieu to
the Man that could once refuse me:
'Twas at my Honour it seems you aim'd,
but your intent too soon you proclaim'd,
For which by the Virtuous you must be blam'd,
whilst all mankind shall excuse me.

Dunmāre K A T E.



T Here lately was a Maiden Fair,
 With ruddy Cheeks and Nut-brown hair,
 Who up to Town did trudge, Sir ;
 This pretty Maid, whose Name was *Kate*,
 Met here a hard unlucky Fate.
 As you anon shall judge, Sir.

A little e'er it did grow Dark,
 She needs must walk into the Park,
 The Gentry for to see, Sir :
 Where soon she met a Footman gay,
 That stopt her short, and made her stay,
 To sit down under Tree, Sir.

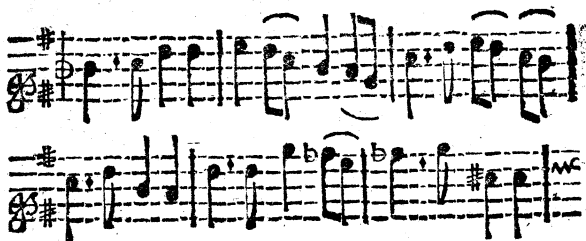
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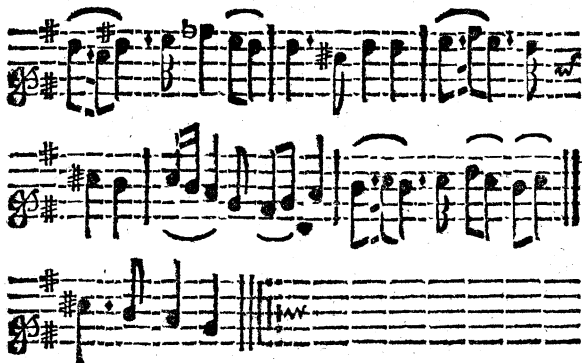
This Footman swore he was a Lord,
Which soon made *Katy* to accord,
And grant him his full Will Sir;
She kiss'd his Lordship o'er and o'er,
And open'd all her Country Store,
And let him take his fill, Sir.

But when she heard one call out *John*,
Up rose her Spark, and snail was gone
To trot before the Chair, Sir:
Which made this Damsel all alone,
To sigh and sob and make great moan,
And shed full many a Tear, Sir.

Quoth she, if these be *London Tricks*,
God send me down amongst my *Dicks*
That live on *Dun/more Heath*, Sir:
If ever I come here again,
Or e'er believe one Man in ten,
May the De'il come stop my Breath, Sir.

A S O N G.





BOast no more fond Love, thy Power,
 Mingling Passions sweet and sowre ;
 Bow to *Celia*, shew thy Duty,
Celia sways the World of Beauty ;
Venus now must kneel before her,
 And admiring Crowds adore her.

Like the Sun that gilds the Morning,
Celia shines, but more adorning,
 She like Fate, can wound a Lover,
 Goddess like too, can recover,
 She can kill, or save from dying,
 The Transported Soul is flying.

Sweeter than the blooming Rose is,
 Whiter than the falling Snow is ;
 Then such Eyes the Great Creator
 Chose his Lamps to kindle Nature :
 Curst is he that can refuse her ;
 Ah, hard Fate, that I must loose her.

The Fisherman's S O N G.

Sett by Mr. Leveridge.



OF all the World's Enjoyments
that ever valu'd were ;
There's none of our Employments
with Fishing can compare.

L 4

Some

Some Preach, some Write,
 Some Teach, some Fight;
 All Golden Lucre Courting,
 But Fishing still bears off the Bell,
 For Profit, or for Sporting.
Then who a Jolly Fisherman
A Fisherman will be,
His Throat must wet
Just like his Net,
To keep out cold at Sea.

The Country Squire loves running
 A Pack of well-mouth'd Hounds;
 Another fancies Gunning
 For Wild Ducks in his Grounds:
 This Hunts, that Fowls,
 This Hawks, *Dick* Bowls,
 No greater Pleasure wishing,
 But *Tom* that tells what Sport excels,
 Gives all the Praise to Fishing.
Then who, &c.

A good *Westphalia* Gammon.
 is counted dainty fair;
 But what is't to a *Sammon*
 Just taken from the Ware:
 Wheat-Ears and Quails,
 Cocks, Snipes and Rayles,
 Are priz'd while Season's lasting,
 But all must stoop to *Craw Fish* Soop,
 Or I've no Skill in Tasting.
Then who, &c.

Keen Hunters always take too
 Thir Prey with too much pains;
 Nay often break a Neck too,
 A Penance for no Brains;

They

They Run, they Leap,
Now high, now deep,
Whilst he that Fishing chuses,
With ease may do't, nay more to boot,
May entertain the Muses.
Then who, &c.

And tho' some envious Wranglers,
To jeer us will make bold,
And laugh at patient Anglers,
Who stand so long i'th' Cold.
They wait on Miss,
We wait on this,
And think it easie Labour,
And if you'd know, Fish profits too,
Consult our *Holland* Neighbour.

T W A N G D I L L O.





Jolly Roger Twangdillo of Plowden Hill,
 In his Chest had two thousand good Pounds ;
 Fat Oxen and Sheep, and a Barn well fill'd,
 And a hundred good Acres of Ground ;
 Which made ev'ry Maiden with Maiden-heads laden,
 And Widows just set free,
 To wrangle and fret, and pump up their Wit,
 To train to the Net, *Twangdillo, Twangdillo,*
Twangdillo, Twangdillo, young lusty Twangdillo, Twangdee.

The first that brake Ice was a Lass had been
 Born of a good House, but decay'd ;
 Her Gown was new Dy'd, and her Night-trail clean,
 And to sing and talk French had been bred ;
 She'd dance *Northern Nancy,*
 Ask'd *Parler vous Franſway,*
 That *Hodge* might her Breeding see ;
 She'd roul her black Eye,
 Breath short with a Sigh,
 When e'er she came, nigh *Twangdillo, &c.*

The next was a Sempstress of Stature Low,
 That fancy'd she wanted a Male ;
 Her Hair was as black as an *Autumn Sloe,*
 And hard as a Coach-horse's Tail :

She'd

She'd Oagle and Wheedle,
And prick with her Needle;
What do y' lack, what do y' buy cry'd she?
But now the brisk Tone
Is chang'd to a Groan,
Ah! pity my Moan, *Twangdillo*, &c.

A musty old Chamber-maid lean and tall,
The next as a Suitor appears;
With a Tongue loud and thrill, but no Teeth at all,
For Time had drawn them many Years:
Cast Gowns and such Lumber,
Old Smocks without Number,
She bragg'd shou'd her Dowry be;
Forty Pair of lac'd Shoos,
Ribbons Green, Red and Blews,
But all would not noose *Twangdillo*, &c.

The next was a Lais of a Popish strain,
That Jesuit Whims had been taught,
She bragg'd they should soon have King James again,
Tho' her Spouse was late hang'd for the Plot;
The French would come over,
And land here at Dover,
And all as they wish'd, would be;
The Jacobite Jade,
Talk'd as if she was mad,
In hopes to have had *Twangdillo*, &c.

A Vintner's fat Widow then strait was view'd,
Whose Cuckold had pick'd up some Pelf;
He had kill'd half his Neighbours with Wine he had
And lately had poyson'd himself (brew'd
With Bumpers of Claret,
No Soufe paying for it,
She'd Roger's Companion be;
Strike first on the Board,
Huzza was the Word,
Come kiss me, ador'd *Twangdillo*, &c.

But

But Roger resolv'd not to be her Man,
 And so gave a loose to the next,
 The Neice of a Canting Bleer-Ey'd Non Com,
 That stiffly could canvas a Text,
 A Dame in *Cheapside* too,
 Would fain be his Bride too,
 And make him of *London* free;
 But no Lass wou'd down
 In Country nor Town,
 So Purse-proud was grown, *Twangdillo*, &c.

Till at last pretty *Nancy* a Farmer's Joy,
 That newly a Milking had been,
 Round-fac'd, Cherry-cheek'd, with a smirking Eye,
 Came tripping it over the Green.
 She mov'd like a Gooddess,
 And in her lac'd Bodice,
 A Span she could hardly be;
 Her Hips were plump grown,
 And her Hair a dark Brown;
 'Twas she that brought down *Twangdillo*, *Twangdillo*,
Twangdillo, *Twangdillo*, young lusty *Twangdillo*,
Twangdee.

Joy to the Bridegroom.



Joy



Joy to the Bridegroom! fill the Sky
 With pleasing sounds of Welcome Joy:
 Joy to the Bride, may lasting Bliss,
 And every Day still prove like this:
 Joy to the, &c.

Never were Marriage Joys Divine,
 But were to constant Hearts Combine;
 He that proves false, himself doth cheat,
 Like sick Men taste, but cannot eat.
 He that, &c.

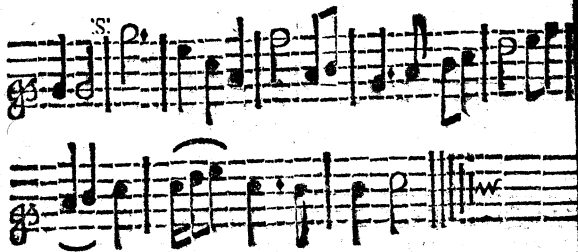
What is a Maiden-head? ah what?
 Of which weak Fools so often prate?
 'Tis the young Virgin's Pride and Coast,
 Yet never was found but when 'twas lost.
 'Tis the, &c.

Fill me a Glass then to the brink,
 And its Confusion here I'll drink;
 And he that balks the Health I nam'd,
 May he die young, and then be D—
 And he that, &c.

The World drown'd in a Glas.



What



V What need we take care for Platonical Rules,
 Or the Precepts of *Aristotle*?
 Those that think to find Learning in Books are but Fools,
 True Philosophy lies in the Bottle :
 And the Mind that's confin'd to the Modes of the Schools
 Ne'er arrives to the height of a Pottle.
 Let the Sages of our Ages keep a talking of our Walking
 Demurely, whilst we that are wiser,
 Do abhor all that's moral in *Cato* and *Plato*,
 And *Seneca* talks like a Sizer.
 Then let full Bowls, full Bottles and Bowls be hur'd,
 That our Jollity may be compleater,
 For Man, tho' he be but a very little World,
 Must be drown'd as well as the greater.

We will drink till our Cheeks are as star'd as the Skies,
 Let the pale colour'd Student flout us ;
 Till our Noses like Comets, set Fire on our Eyes,
 And we bear the Horrizon about us.
 And if all make us fall, then our Heals shall devine
 What the Stars are a doing without us.
 Let *Lilly* go tell ye of Thunders and Wonders,
 And *Astrologers* all divine ;
 Let *Booker* be a looker in our Natures and Features,
 He'll find nothing but Claret in mine.
 Then let full Bowls, &c.

The National Quarrel.



S Hone a Welsh Runt and Hans a Dutch Boor,
 As they one Ev'ning for Air did employ;
 Found Teague and Sawney just walking before,
 A bonny Scotch Loon and an Irish dear Joy:
 They all four had ne'er saw a Wind-mill
 Nor had they heard of any such Name,
 But as they were walking, and merrily talking,
 It happen'd by chance to a Wind-mill they came.

Cho. Hey down derry do down derry
 Mirth is better than Sorrow by half;
 Listen to my Ditty, 'tis Merry, 'tis Witty,
 And if you an't sullen 'twill make ye Laugh.

Bread

Bread cry'd Sawney what do you caw that, *Pointing to the Wind-mill.*
 To tell its good Name I am at a loss.
Teague then readily answered the *Scot*,
 By Chreesht, my dear Joy, 'tis St. Patrick's Cross.
 Woons cry'd Sawney y'are mistaken,
 For 'tis St. Andrew's Cross that I swear;
 For there is his Bonnet, and Plad lying on it,
 The Muckle gud Saint did at *Edinburgh* wear.
 Cho. Sawney, Sawney, well said Sawney.
This Affair Sawney's notably bit,
Let aw discover that pass the Tweed over,)
if Scotland e'er breed so bonny a Wit.

Hans with a Belch gave vent in his turn,
 Ick sall now spreken den vaught in does mean;
 Et ben ods Sacrament a grouht Dutch Churne,
 And they are now making the Butter within:
 This device so tickled his Fancy,
 He swore by the States he'd go in for some;
 And sell his blew Jerkin, but he'd have a Firkin,
 To carry his Wife and his Family home.
 Cho. Hogan, Hogan; Mogan, Mogan,
 Sooterkin Hogan Herring Vandunk,
For as it happen'd the Miller with's Cap on
He thought a fat Froe, a white Dairy Punk.

Hot pated *Shone* cry'd splut and look'd pigg,
 You fools was alter your Minds when hur speaks;
St. Taffy cawd this her creat Whirligig.
 And made it to scare away Crows from hur Leeks:
 Proof to shew, see where they crow,
 Then pointed his finger over the Hedge,
 Where Nettles and Thistles, with Prickles and Bristles,
 Grew thick in a Field grown over with Sedge.
 Cho. Shone ap Shinkin Rice ap Taffy,
Shentlemen Kendred aw come away,
Thomas ap Morgan swear loud as an Organ,
And pawn all your Honours to what hur does say.

By

By good St. Patrick, Teague once more replies,
 I say 'tis his Cross for there is his Coat ;
 I met him in Dublin a buying the Frize,
 A gud I will swear 'tis the same that he bought:
 He's a better Shaint than ever *Holland*, or *Walsh*, or *Scotland*
 And by my Showlwasion he was my Relation, (can breed,
 And had for stout Teague great Kindness indeed.

Cho. Lero, lero, lero, lero,
 Lilly Burlero Bullen a-la,
 By my Showlwasion he was my Relation,
 Chresht save the sweet Face St. Patrick Agra.

Each gave his mind, but neither agree,
 The *Welsh* Man grows hot, and the *Irish* Man huffs;
 The bonny bold *Scot* told the *Dutch* Man he ly'd,
 A word and a Blow, and so all went to Cuffs:
 Coats were torn, and Heads were broken,
 Noses were Mauled, and thumping went round;
 But in a while after were forc'd to give quarter,
 And so went four Fools well beaten to Town.

Cho. Coats were torn, &c.

My Thing is my own. To the foregoing Tune.

I A tender young Maid have been courted by many,
 of all sorts and Trades as ever was any:
 A spruce *Haberdasher* first spake me fair,
 But I would have nothing to do with small ware.
My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
Yet other young Lasses may do what they will.

A sweet scented *Courtier* did give me a Kiss,
 And promis'd me Mountains if I would be his,
 But I'll not believe him, for it is too true,
 Some *Courtiers* do promise much more than they do.

My thing is my own, &c.

A

A fine Man of Law did come out of the Strand,
To plead his own Cause with his Fee in his Hand,
He made a brave Motion but that would not do,
For I did dismiss him, and Nonsuit him to.

My thing is my own, &c.

Next came a young Fellow a nottable Spark
(With Green Bag and Inkhorn, a Justices Clark)
He pull'd out his Warrant to make all appear
But I sent him away with a Flea in his Ear.

My thing is my own, &c.

A Master of Musick came with an Intent,
To give me a Lesson on my Instrument,
I thank'd him for nothing and hid him be gone,
For my little Fiddle should not be plaid on.

My thing is my own, &c.

An Usurer came with abundance of Cash,
But I had no mind to come under his Lash,
He prefer'd me Jewels, and great Store of Gold,
But I would not mortgage my little Free-hold.

My thing is my own, &c.

A blunt Lieutenant surprized my Placket,
And fiercely began to rifle and sack it,
I muttered my Spirits up and became bold
And forc'd my Lieutenant to quit his strong hold.

My thing is my own, &c.

A Crafty young Bumpkin that was very Rich,
And us'd with his Bargains to go through fitch,
Did tender a Sum but it would not avail
That I should admit him my Tenant in tayl.

My thing is my own, &c.

A fine dapper Taylor, with a Yard in his Hand,
 Did proffer his Service to be at Command,
 He talkt of a slit I had above knee,
 But I'll have no Taylors to fitch it for me,

My thing is my own, &c.

A Gentleman that did talk much of his Grounds
 His horses, his setting-dogs, and his Grey-hounds,
 Put in for a Course, and us'd all his Art,
 But he mist of the Sport, for Puss would not start.

My thing is my own, &c.

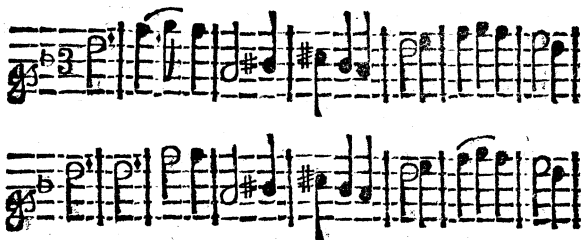
A pretty young Squire new come to the Town,
 To empty his Pockets, and so to go down,
 Did prefer a kindness, but I would have none
 The same that he us'd to his Mothers Maid Joan.

My thing is my own, &c.

Now here I could reckon a hundred and more,
 Besides all the Gamesters recited before,
 That made their addresses in hopes of a snap
 But as young as I was I understood Trap.

*My thing is my own, and I'll keep it so still,
 Until I be Married, say Men what they will.*

Gillian of Groyden.





O Ne Holyday last Summer,
 From four to seven by *Croyden* Chimes ;
 Three Lasses Topping Rummers,
 Were set a prating of the Times,
 A Wife call'd *Foan* of the Mill ;
 A Maid they call'd Bonney brown *Nell*,
 A Widow mine Hostess, *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian* of
Croyden, *Gillian*, young *Gillian*, *Folly Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 A Health to our Master *Will*.

Ah ! *Foan* cry'd the Maiden,
 This Peace will bring in Mill'd Money store,
 We now sha'n't miss of Trading ;
 And Sweet-hearts will come on thick ye Whore.
 No more will they Fight and Kill,
 But with us good Liquor will Swill :
 These will be rare times, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*, *Gillian*
 of *Croyden*, *Gillian* young *Gillian*, plump *Gillian* of *Croyden* ;
 Take off your Glass, cry'd *Gillian* of *Croyden*,
 A Bumper to Master *Will*.

We've

We've now right understanding,

Hans, Dick, and Monsieur shakes Hands 'ith' Streets,
Dragoons too are Disbanding,

Gadzooks then *Nelly* let's watch our Sheets,

For a Red-coat you know that has Will,

Can Plunder and Pilfer with Skill,

I'll look to my Smocks, cry'd *Gillian of Croyden,*

Gillian of Croyden, Gillian, bold Gillian, Wary Gillian of Croyden, take off your Gläs cry'd *Gillian of Croyden,*

A Health to our Master *Will*.

Nell, then with Arms a Kembo,

Cry'd News from Sea not so well does come ;

For want of Captain *Bembo*,

The Chink and *Fonri* are safe got home :

Tho' he could not help that ill,

The Fault lies in some Body still,

Wou'd that Rogue were hang'd, cry'd *Gillian of Croyden,*

Gillian of Croyden, Gillian, plump Gillian, Loyal Gil. &c.

Strange Lords will now come over,

And all our Bells will Ring out for Joy ;

The *Czar of Muscovy*,

Who is, Lord bless him, some ten Foot high :

I'll see him what e'er come o'th' Mill,

Wou'd our Lads were like him, cry'd *Nell*,

Great pity they an't, cry'd *Gillian of Croyden, Gillian of*

Croyden, Gillian, Young Gillian, Tall Gillian of Croyden,

Nevertheless, cry'd *Gillian of Croyden,*

A Bumper to Master *Will*.

Strange News the *Facks* of the City,

Have got, cry'd *Foan*, but we mind no Tales ;

That our good King through wonderful pity,

Will give his Crown to the Prince of *Wales*,

That Peace may the stronger be still,

And that they may no longer Rebel.

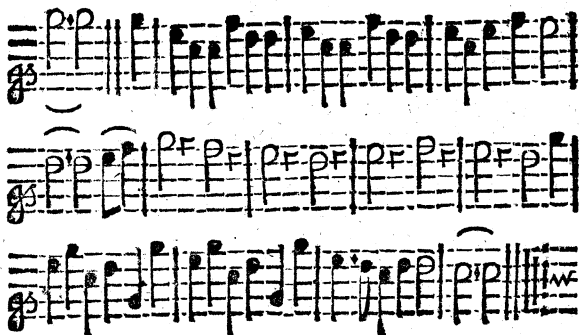
Pish! pox 'tis a Jest, cry'd *Gillian of Croyden*, *Gillian of Croyden*, *Gillian*, bold *Gillian*, witty *Gillian of Croyden*,
Take off your Glas cry'd *Gillian of Croyden*,
A Health to our Master *Will*.

So long top'd these Lasses,
Till Tables, Chairs and Stools went round ;
Strong Wine and thumping Glasses,
In three short Hours their Senses drown'd :
Then home to her Grannum reel'd *Nell*,
And *Joan* no more Brimmers could fill,
And off from her Chair drop'd *Gillian of Croyden*, *Gillian*
of *Croyden*, *Gillian*, plump *Gillian*, drunk *Gillian of Croyden*,
Here's the last drop, cry'd *Gillian of Croyden*,
A Bumper to Master *Will*.

P U S S in a Corner.



To



TO Cullies and Bullies,
 Of Country and Town;
 To Warers and Tearers,
 Of Manteau and Gown;
 All Christian good People,
 That live round *Paul's* Steeple,
 I'll tell you a pleasant Case:
 Not headed I Wedded at Age of Threescore,
 A flanting young Wanton,
 Eighteen and no more;
 Of Parents I sought her,
 And Money soon bought her,
 I well might have had more Grace;
 For daily at Table,
 She'd pout and she'd Squabb'e,
 And this still was all I got,
 When e'er I ask'd why, she'd cry pish fye,
 For Gold nor Apparel,
 I never did quarrel,
 But only you starve my Cat.

A pretty young Kitty,
 She had that could Purr,
 'Twas Gamefom and Handsom,
 And had a rare Furr;
 And ftraight up I took it, and offer'd to ftoak it,
 In hopes I fhould make it kind.
 But louting and powting
 It ftill was to me,
 Tho' Nature the Creature,
 Design'd fhould be free.
 I play'dw ith its Whiskers, and would have had difcourfe;
 But ah! it was Dumb and Blind:
 When *Cloris* unquiet, who knew well its Diet,
 And found that I wanted that,
 Cry'd, pray run, fetch *John*,
 He's the Man that can,
 When it does need it, beft know how to feed it,
 Or gad you will ftarve my Cat.

As fleet as my Feet
 Could convey me, I sped
 To *Johnney*, who many
 Times Puffy had fed:
 I told him my Errand, he wanted no Warrant,
 But hafted to fhew his Skill:
 He took it to ftoak it
 And clofe in his Lap
 He laid it to feed it,
 And gave it fome Pap:
 And with fuch a Pallion it took the Collation,
 Its belly began to fill,
 And now within Door-is fo merry my *Chloris*,
 She Laughs and grows wonderous Fat,
 And I run for *John*,
 Who's the Man that can,
 Tho' I'm at diftance, give prefent affiftance,
 To pleafe her, and feed her Cat.

A SONG Set by Mr. Leveridge.



(stand,
When *Sawny* first did Woe me, he did at distance
 Advancing to undoe me, he gently took my hand;
 He gently rais'd it higher, with pish and much ado,
 His Lips still creeping nigher, at last he kiss'd it too.

Advancing more to try me, with Love's enchanting Grace,
 He drew himself more nigh me, and gently touch'd my
 He set it all on Fire, with pish and much ado, (Face:
 His Lips' approaching nigher, at last he kiss'd me to.
 Compleatly to undo me, he clasp'd me in his Arms:
 As tho' he wou'd go through me, and search out all my
 (Charms.
 As though he wou'd go through me, with Oh, and much
 (ado,
 As sure as e'er he knew me, at last he did it too.

On the Lovely Mrs. K. W.



K Ate the loveliest thing
That e'er was form'd by Nature,
Flora i'th' pride of Spring,
Ne'er wore so sweet a Feature.

Her Air, her Port, her Mien,
Her Lips, her Eyes, Complexion,
Had *Love* when on Earth, but seen,
He had Doted to Perfection.

With Kisses and Bliss one's drown'd,
In Seas of Liquid Pleasure;
Such store of Riches there I found,
She's an endless Mine of Treasure.

Katy's Beauty. On Madam K. W.

Katy's a Beauty surpassing,
 She's a Sweet Garden to pass in,
 In Town there is not like a Lais in,
 So Sweet, so Charming is she.

Her Eyes like Stars do so twinkle,
 Her Face is smooth, without wrinkle,
 Her Chin's adorn'd with a Dimple,
 Like the Charms above her Knee.

Her Lips as Red as a Rose is,
 And round and pretty her Nose is;
 Her Breath's a sweet mixture of Posies;
 None on Earth's compar'd to she.

Her Belly's a Hill of Sweet Pleasure,
 In Bush enclos'd lies the Treasure,
 If once you make but a Seasure,
 You're lost in an Extasie.

A S O N G.



Jenny long resisted
 Wulky's fierce desire;
 She the more persisted,
 Coyneſs rais'd his Fire.
 When he'd reap'd the Treasure,
 And the Virgin's Spoils,
 He found ſuch ſhort Pleaſure,
 Answer'd not his Toils.

Jenny lay neglected
 In her Lover's Arms,
 When ſhe was rejected,
 She tryed all her Charms:
 Then ſhe did diſcover,
 That no Trick, no Art,
 Tho't might win a Lover,
 Cou'd regain his Heart.

A SONG, Set by Mr. Leveridge.



O Ne Sunday after Mass, *Dormet* and his Lase.
To the Green Wood did pass,

All alone, all alone, all alone, all alone :
He ask'd for a Pogue, she call'd him a Rogue,
And struck him with her Brogue,
Oh hone, Oh hone, Oh hone.

Said he, my dear Joy, why will you be Coy ?

Let us play, let us Toy, all alone, all alone, all alone.
If I were too Mild, you are so very Wild,
You will get me with Shild, O hone, O hone, O hone,

He brib'd her with Sloes, and brib'd her with Nuts,
Then a thorn prick'd her Foot, Halla lu, halla lu, halla lu.
Let me pull it out. You'll hurt me, I doubt,
And make me to shout, Halla lu, halla lu, hal la lu.

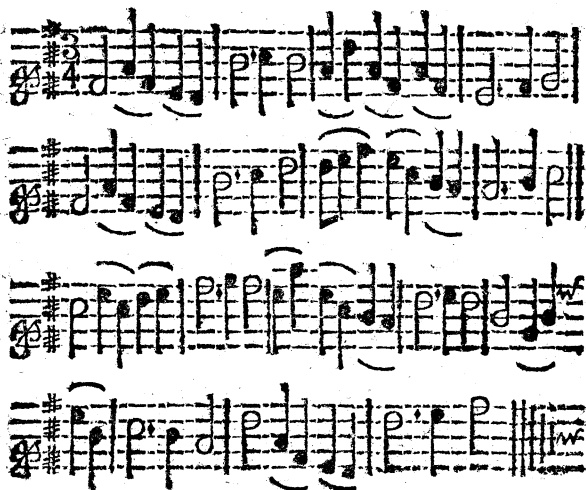
A SONG, Set by Mr. Leveridge.



VWhen Cupid from his Mother fled,
 He changing his shape, thus made his Escape;
 His Mother thought him Dead.
 Some did him a kindness, and cur'd him of Blindness,
 And thus disguis'd like me, thus disguis'd,
 thus disguis'd, thus disguis'd like me,
 The little God, the little God, the little God cou'd see.

He enters into Hearts of Men, and there does spy
 (Just so do I) That Falshood lurks within;
 That Sighing and Dying, is Swearing and Lying,
 All this disguis'd like me,
 The little God, the little God could see.

A S O N G.



Blith *Fockey* Young and Gay,
 Is all my Soul's Delight,
 He's all my talk by Day,
 And all my Dreams by Night.
 If from the Lad I be,
 'Tis Winter still with me ;
 But when he's with me here,
 'Tis Summer all the Year.

I'm Blith when *Fockey* comes,
 Sad when he gangs away ;
 'Tis Night when *Fockey* Grooms,
 And if he Smiles, 'tis Day.
 When our Eyes meet, I Pant,
 I Colour, Sigh, or Faint :
 What Lass that would be kind,
 Can better tell her Mind?

A S O N G.



Young Phaon strove the Bliss to taste,
 But Sappho still deny'd ;
 She struggl'd long, the Youth at last,
 Lay panting by her side.
 Useless he lay, Love would not wait,
 Till they could both agree,
 They idly languish'd in Debate,
 When they should Active be.

At last, come ruin me, she cry'd,
 And then there fell a Tear:
 I'll in my Breast my Blushes hide,
 Do all that Virgins fear.
 O, that Age cou'd Love's Rights perform,
 We make Old Men obey ;
 They Court us long, Youth does but storm,
 And Plunder and away.

A S O N G.



S Milling *Phillis* has an Air so engaging all Men love her,
But her hidden Beauties are Wonders I dare not dis-

(cover ;

So bewitching, that in vain I endeavour to forget her ;
Still she brings me back again, and I daily love her better,

Kindness springs within her Eyes, and from thence is
(always flowing ;

Ev'ry Minute does surprize with fresh Beauties still a
(Blowing.

Were she but as true as fair, never Man had such a
(Treasure ;

But I die with jealous Care, in the midst of all my Plea-
(sure.

Free and easie without Pride, in her Language and her
(Fashion ;

Setting gentle Love aside, she's unmov'd with any Passion.
When she says I have her Heart, tho' I ought not to be-

(lieve her,

She so kindly plays her part, I could be deceiv'd for ever.

A

A S O N G.



(Beauties Pride;

Come all the Youths whose Hearts have bled, by cruel
Bring each a Garland on his head, let none his Sor-
(rows hide:

But hand in hand around me move,
Singing the saddest Tales of Love,
And try when your Complaints ye join,
If all your Wrongs can equal mine.

The happlest mortal once was I, my heart no sorrow knew,
Pity the pain with which I die, and ask not whence it grew:
Yet if a tempting Fair you find,
That's very Lovely, very Kind,
Tho' bright as Heav'n, whose Stamp she bare,
Think of my Fate, and shun her Snare.

A S O N G.



AN cruel bloody Fate, what can'st thou do no more?
 Alas, 'tis now too late, *Philander* to restore:
 Why should the Heav'nly Powers perswade poor Mortals
 (to believe,
 That they Guard us here, and reward us there, yet all
 (our Joys deceive?

Her Ponyard then she took, and held in her Hand,
 And with a dying Look, cry'd, thus I Fate Command:
Philander, ah, my Love I come to meet thy Shade below.
 Ah, I come, she cry'd, with a Wound so wide,
 There need no second Blow,

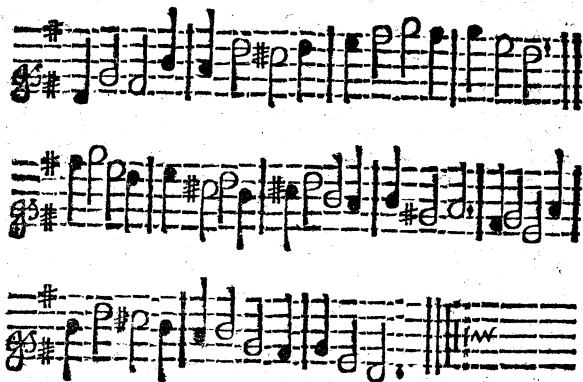
In Purple Waves her Blood ran streaming down the floor,
 Unmov'd she saw the Flood, and bless'd her dying hour;
Philander, ah, *Philander* still, the bleeding *Phyllis* cry'd:
 She wept a while, and she forc'd a Smile,
 Then clos'd her Eyes and Dy'd.

A S O N G.



Bless Mortals, bless the clearing Light,
 That flows from *Celia's* Eyes,
 For never did a Star so bright
 In Beauty's Heav'n rise :
 And whilst a Crown's uneasy weight,
 And all the mighty Toils of State
 She softens with her Charms,
 Bless, bless the happy Monarch in her Arms.
 Who lives that does not yield to Love,
 And oft his Joys renew ;
 And yet how few in King's approve,
 What they themselves pursue.
 The Murmuring Crowd themselves afford,
 The Pleasures they deny their Lord,
 Tho' Love is Empire's Dower,
 To recompence the Slavery of Power.

A S O N G.

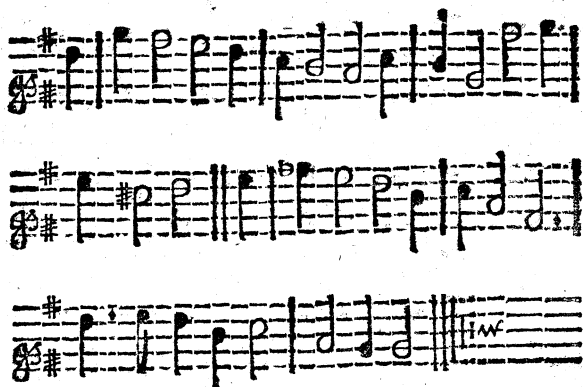
By Mr. *James Hart.*

Happy is the Country Life,
 Blest with Content, good Health and Ease,
 Free from factions noise and strife,
 We only Plot our selves to please:
 Peace of Mind the days delight,
 And Love our welcome Dreams at Night.

Hail green Fields and shady Woods,
 Hail Springs and Streams that still run pure :
 Nature's uncorrupted Goods,
 Where Vertue only is secure :
 Free from Vice, here free from Care,
 Age is no pain, and Youth no snare.

A S O N G.

By Mr. James Hart.



NOW ev'ry Place fresh Pleasure yields,
 Let all our Aphetites be free;
 Let us enjoy the verdant Fields,
 This is Dame Nature's Jubilee.

With Garlands made of sweetest Flow'rs,
 Our Temples bound, we'll dance and sing;
 So blithly will we pass the Hours,
 As to promote the growing Spring.

The *Sylvian* Gods the Nymphs and Fawns;
 Shall to our Chorus join their Voice;
 The Woods, the Streams, the Hills and Lawns;
 Loudly in Echo's shall rejoice.

A S O N G.



THo' the Pride of my Passion fair *Silvia* betrays,
 And frowns at the Love I impart;
 Tho' kindly her Eyes twist numerous Rays,
 To tie a more fortunate Heart;
 Yet her Charms are so great, I'll be bold in my Pain,
 His Heart is too tender, too tender, that's struck with
 (Disdain,
 Still my Heart is so just to my Passionate Eyes,
 It dissolves with Delight while I gaze:
 And he that loves on, tho' *Silvia* denies,
 His Love but his Duty obeys.
 I no more can refrain her Neglects to pursue,
 Than the force, the force
 Of her Beauty can cease to subdue.

A S O N G.



I Never saw a Face till now,
 That could my Passion move,
 I lik'd and ventur'd many a Vow,
 But durst not think of Love;
 Till Beauty charming ev'ry Sense,
 An easie Conquest made,
 And shew'd the vainness of Defence,
 When *Phillis* does Invade.

But ah ! her colder Heart denies,
 The Thoughts her Looks Inspire,
 And while in Ice that frozen lies,
 Her Eyes dart only Fire,
 Between Extreame I am undone,
 Like Plants to Northward set,
 burnt by too violent a Sun,
 Or cold, for want of Heat.

A SONG.



GO tell *Amintor* gentle Swain,
 I would not die, nor dare complain;
 Thy tuneful Voice with Numbers join,
 Thy Voice will more prevail than mine:
 For Souls oppress'd and drown'd with Grief.
 The Gods ordain'd this kind Relief:
 That Musick should in sounds convey,
 What dying Lovers dare not say.

A Sigh or Tear perhaps she'd give,
 But Love on Pity cannot live:
 Tell her that Hearts for Hearts were made,
 And Love with Love is only paid:
 Tell her my pains so fast encrease,
 That soon they will be past Redress;
 For ah! the Wretch that speechless lies,
 Attends but Death to close his Eyes.

A S O N G,

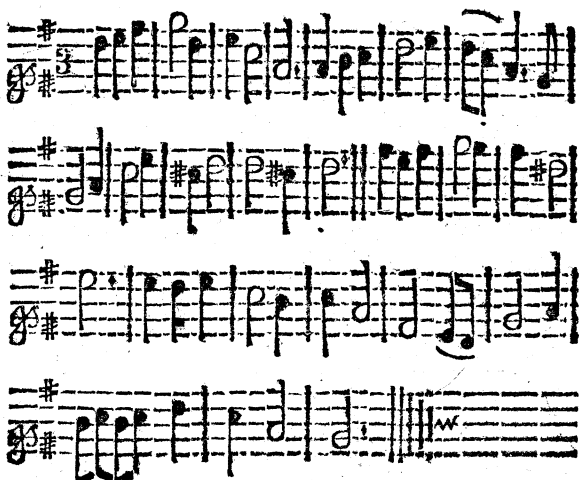


F Anceia's Heart is still the same,
 Hard and Cold as Winter's Morning,
 Tho' my Love is ever burning.
 Yet no frowns or smiles can ever
 Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever,
 Melt her Ice, or cool my Fever.

So long I talk and think of Love,
 All the Groves and Streams can name her;
 All the Nymphs and Eccho's blame her;
 If she keeps her cruel Passion,
 Nought but Death can ease my Passion.

Of all the Charms that Lovers have,
 All the Sighs, the Groans, the Anguish,
 All the Looks with which I languish,
 Moves not her to any Feeling,
 Beauty takes Delight in Killing.

A S O N G:



FLY from *Olinda* Young and Fair,
 Fly from her soft engaging Air,
 And Wit in Woman found so rare.
 Tho' all her Looks to Love advise,
 His yet unconquer'd heart denies,
 And breaks the Promise of her Eyes.

Waste not your Youth in Coy disdain,
 Hope not your Beauty's pleasing Reign,
 By ways of Rigour to maintain.
 If we to King's obedience owe,
 Or to the Gods with Incense go,
 'Tis for the Blessing they bestow.

A S O N G.



ALL my past Life is mine no more,
 The flying Hours are gone,
 Like transitory Dreams giv'n o'er,
 Whose Images are kept in store,
 By Memory alone.

Whatever is to come is not,
 How can it then be mine?
 The present Moment's all my Lot,
 And that as fast as it is got,
Phillis is only thine.

Then talk not of Inconstancy,
 False Hearts and broken Vows;
 If I by Miracle can be;
 This long-liv'd Minute true to thee,
 Its all that Heav'n allows.

A S O N G.



Vhen I see my *Strephon* languish,
 With *Lucinda's* Charms oppress'd;
 When I see his Pain and Anguish,
 Pity moves my tender Breast:
 Sighs so oft, and Tears so moving.
 Who can see and hold from Loving?
 Sighs so oft, and Tears so moving,
 Who can see and hold from Loving.

Strephon's plain and humble Nature,
 Mov'd me first to hear his Tale;
Strephon's Truth by ev'ry Creature,
 Is proclaim'd through all the Vale:
 There's not a Nymph that wou'd not chuse him
 Why should I alone refuse him?
 There's not, &c.

A S O N G.

By Capt. Pack.



IN vain she frowns, in vain she tries
 The Darts of her disdainful Eyes ;
 She still is Charming, still is Fair,
 And must Love, tho' I Despair :
 Nor can I of my Fate complain, or her Disdain,
 Who would not die, to be so sweetly Slain.

Like those who Magick Spells employ,
 At distance wounds and does destroy ;
 She kills with her severe disdain,
 And absent I endure the pain.

But spare, O spare your Cruel Art !
 The Fatal Dart
 Stabs your own Image in your Lover's Heart.

A S O N G.



L Ovely *Laurinda*! blame not me,
 If on your Beauteous Looks I gaze;
 How can I help it, when I see
 Something so charming in your Face!
 That like a bright unclouded Sky,
 When in the Air the Sun-beams play;
 It ravishes my wandring Eye,
 And warms me with a pleasing Ray.

The Gard'ners SONG: Words by
Mr. Samuel Wilde.



IN the World can ever a Trade be found
 Like Gardiners, which replenish the Ground,
 And makes the Earth by Providence's Hand,
 Yield great fruition unto the Land?
 To Mortals we render plenty
 Of Dishes fine and dainty:
 As Fruit and Sallads,
 To pleasure the Palates
 Of each Man,
 Which is a Lesson to teach Man
 How we Gard'ners gain the Praise.

N

Before

Before that *Adam* in *Paradise* he
 Had tasted of the forbidden Tree,
 It was unlawful for any to Kill,
 Or the Blood of living Creatures to spill;
 The Fruit and the Herbs were ordained
 Whereby they should be sustained,
 Without any Strangling,
 Or Killing and Mangling
 Each Creature;
 Can any Maxim be greater?
 For the Gardiners chiefest Praise.

The Metropolitan Gardiners Trade,
 While Earth continues, can never Fade,
 For from the Ground we raise up a store,
 To pleasure the Rich, and nourish the Poor.
 Our Trade is the World's Physician,
 To suit each Patient's Condition:
 For whatever ceases,
 We heal most Diseases
 Of all Men,
 That happens, or ever befall Men.
 Thus we Gardiners gain the Praise.

The skillful Doctors might pick their Nails,
 If ever the Trade of the Gardiners fails,
 For by our Herbs, the rarest Compounds
 Are made to cleanse and to heal the Wounds,
 That incident happens to any,
 And is well known unto many
 That have been pained,
 And sorely complained
 Of Sorrow,
 Yet have found Ease on the Morrow.
 Thus we Gardiners gain the Praise.

The Second Part.

IN the Gardiners Paradise sweetly grows,
Carnations, Pinks, and the Damask Rose,
With hundreds of Flowers, whose fragrant Scent
Enjoys in one for to yield Content,
Where Mortals may ravish their Senses
With Odours and sweet Influences
That comes from the Flowers,
Which favouring Showers
Sets Springing,
And pretty Birds are singing
Pleasant Notes in the Gardiners Praise.

All sorts of Apples, with Pears and Mulberries,
Nuts, Grapes and Pippins, with black and red Cherries,
Rare Peaches, Plumbs, Apricocks, and Quinces,
To Pleasure the Eye and the Palate of Princes.
Can any possess such a Treasure,
And not be enjoyed with Pleasure:
Where Currants and Gooseberries,
Rasberries and Strawberries
Invites you :
Then taste of the Fruit that Delights you,
And you'll render the Gardiners Praise.

What Flesh is fitting for Man to Eat,
Untill our Herbs do savour the Meat ?
To Roast or Boyl'd, they answer both,
As Sawce and Sallads, and Herbs for Broth :
Our fragrant Garden presents you
Each several Kinds to content you :
Baum, Time, Winter-Savory,
Mint, Sage, and Rosemary
Whose Sweetness

Orders the Food with Complaisance,
This aspires the Gardiners Praise.

What Plants and Roots, and various things,
 To pleasure the World, in the Garden Springs:
 The Artichoak, Cabbage, and Colliflower,
 And Coleworts our Garden affords a power,
 With Parsnips and Carrots and Onions,
 Young Cucumbers, Beets and Muskmelons,
 And all things to eat
 With those kinds of Meat
 That's Ordained,
 Or in the World is contained.
 Thus we Gardiners gain the Praise.

Sir William Butlers Bald Colt.

VVEN I'll say that for Sir William Butler's bald Colt,
 He's as good as any's in the Town-a:
 Nay, more than that, Sir William Butler's Bald Colt
 Has kick'd many a Man down-a.
Toll, toll, &c.

My

My Gaffer *Hunt* ran after Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,
 Crying out, Ho, Ball, Ho stand-a: (bald Colt
 Why, that was as much as to say, as if Sir *William Butler's*
 Was at my Gaffer *Hunt's* Command-a.
Tol, tol, &c.

Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt clapt his Ears in his Pole,
 And ran most lamentably; (bald Colt,
 But for my Gaffer *Hunt* to catch Sir *William Butler's*
 G--z---s he was not able.
Tol, tol, &c.

My Gaffer *Hunt* follow'd Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt.
 As far as *Ensham Church-a*, (bald Colt,
 And if my Gaffer *Hunt* had caught Sir *William Butler's*
 He had claw'd his Arse with Birch-a.
Tol, tol, &c.

Or if he had'nt claw'd his Arse with Birch,
 He had fir'd his Cods with Holly;
 But for my Gaffer *Hunt* to set his Wit to Sir *William*
 (Butler's bald Colt,
 G--z---s, 'twas but a Folly.
Tol, tol, &c.

At last Sir *William Butler's* bald Colt,
 Jump'd into another Man's Ground-a,
 And there my Gaffer *Hunt* he caught Sir *William Butler's*
 (bald Colt,
 And put him in the Pound-a.
Tol, tol, &c.

ENFIELD *Common.*

O Enfield Common, I met a Woman,
 a bringing *North-Hall* Water to the Town;
 Said I fair Maiden, you're heavy laden,
 I'll light and give you ease in a green Gown;
 Says she, 'tis good Sir, to stir the Blood Sir,
 For the Green-sickness, Friend, will make me like it;
 Then in a minute I left my Gennet,
 and went aside with her into a Thicket,
 Then with her leave there, a dose I gave her,
 she straight confess'd her Sickness I did nick it.

I went to leave her, but this did grieve her,
 for panting on the grass she did complain,
 Saying Physician, my sick Condition,
 I fear will suddenly return again,
 If you deny me, and don't supply me
 with many Potions of your sweetest Pleasure,

Then

Then prithee Gallant improve thy Tallent,
 since we have Opportunity and Leisure,
 With such like Greeting, my pretty Sweeting,
 she seem'd to press upon me without measure.

'Twas Summer Weather, we sat together,
 and chatted all the pleasant Afternoon,
 No one was near us, to over hear us
 at length I said I'd put my Pipes in Tune,
 To give a Glister, with that I kiss'd her,
 she cry'd, another Fit do's round me hover,
 With the green Rushes I'll veil my Blushes,
 for in my Cheeks I know you may discover,
 What's my desire; Love never Tire,
 for Oh! I long, I long, to be a Mother.

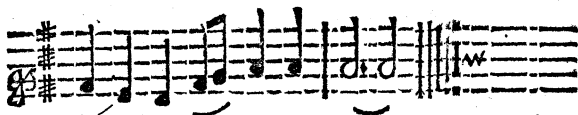
With that I told her, that I wou'd hold her,
 a Guinea to a Groat it should be so.
 In nine Months after, a Son or Daughter,
 will be your lucky lot, Dear Love, I know,
 Quoth she, you Vapour, and draw your Rapier,
 but yet methinks too soon you seem to tire,
 I'll lay a Shilling, if you are willing,
 that nine Months hence I have not my desire,
 Except you'll venture, once more to enter,
 alas! the name of mother I admire.

Because I'd ease her, and fully please her,
 I took a Lodging for my *Enfield* Lais,
 Who was a Beauty, and knew her Duty,
 the Night we did in youthful pleasures pass,
 With melting Bliss, and charming Kisses,
 on downy Beds secure from Wind and Weather,
 And in the Morning, by Days adorning,
 we 'rose and drank a Glas of Wine together,
 With Joys I crown'd her, for then I found her,
 to have a Heart far lighter than a Feather.

I have cur'd her, likewise assur'd her,
 if e'er it was my luck to come that way,
 I'd Pawn my honour, to call upon her,
 but for that time I could no longer stay;
 The loving creature, of pure good nature,
 she gave me twenty Kisses when we parted,
 Because she never had found such favour,
 in loves soft Pleasures to be so diverted,
 Then straight I mounted, for why I counted,
 'twastime I had her company deserted.

The Jolly Miller.

The



THE Old Wife she sent to the Miller her Daughter;
To grind Her Grift quickly, and so return back,
The Miller so work'd it that in Eight months after,
Her belly was fill'd as full as her Sack :

Young Robin so pleas'd her,
That when she came home,

She gapt like a stuck Pig, and stat'd like a Mome;
She Hoyden'd, she scamper'd, she hallow'd and whoopt,
And all the day long,

This, this was her Song:

Hoy, was ever Maiden so Lerricom Poop'd.

Oh Nelly, cry'd Celie, thy Cloaths are all mealy,
Both backside and belly are rumpled all o'er,
You moap, mow and slubber, why *what a pox* ail ye?
I'll go to the Miller and know all ye whore.

She went and the Miller so grinding did ply,
She came cutting Capers a foot and half high,
She wadled and fralled and hollow'd and whoopt,
And all the day long,

This, this was her Son,

Hoy, were ever two Sisters so Lerricom Poop'd.

Then Mary o'th' Dairy, a third of the Number,
Would fain know the cause they so jogg'd it about,
The Miller her wishes long would not encumber,
But in the old manner the secret made out.

Thus Celie and Nelly and Mary the mild,
Were jost about Harveft time all big with Child,
They danc'd in a Hay, and they Hollow'd and whoopt,
And all the day long,

This, this was their Song,

Hoy, were ever three Sisters so Lerricom Poop'd.

And when they were big they did stare on each other,
 And crying oh Sister what shall we now do,
 For all our yong Banlings we have but one Father,
 And they in one month will all come to Town too.
 O why did we run in such haste to the Mill,
 To Robin who always the tole-dish would fill,
 He bump'd up our bellies, then hollow'd and hoop'd,
 And all the day long,
 this, this was their Song,
 Hoy, were ever three Sisters so Lerricom Poop'd.

A SONG, Set by Mr. Leveridge.

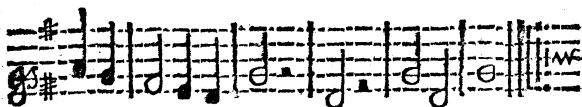


Jogging

Jogging on from yonder Green,
 Oh the pleasant sight I've seen;
John and Dolly jog, jog jogging,
John and Dolley jogging on,
 Themselves Cooling, *John*ey was fooling,
 Cry'd she will you ne'er have done,
 Jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging on,
 The Sun shines, make hay,
 Make hay, make hay, make hay good *John*;
 Hey ho, hey ho, that I might do so,
 Jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging,
 Jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging on.
John to ease her of her pain,
 Ended and begun again,
 He grew weary, jog, jog, jogging;
 She more Cheary, jogging on,
 Cry'd my deary, prithee tarry,
 Sure you han't already done;
 Jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jog, jogging on:
 The Suns down pray stay,
 Pray stay, pray stay, good *John*,
 Hey ho, that I might do so,
 Jog, jog, jogging on.

A SONG Set by Mr. Leveridge.





Early in the dawning of a Winters morn,
 Brother *Dick* and I went forth into the Barn ;
 To get ourselves a heat,
 By Thrashing of the Wheat,
 From the Stack, from the Stack, from the Stack, the Stack ;
 The Straws they flew about,
 And the Flails they kept a rout,
 With a Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack, Thwack,

Margery came in then with an Earthen Pot,
 Full of Pudding that was piping hot ;
 I caught her by the neck fast,
 And thank'd her for my Breakfast,
 With a Smack, &c.
 Then up went her Tail,
 And down went the Flail,
 With a Thwack, &c.

Dick Treshing on cry'd out fie for Shame,
 Must I beat the Bush while you catch the Game ;
 Sow your wild Oats,
 And mind not her wild Notes,
 Of Alack, &c.
 Faith I did the Job,
 While the Flail bore a bob,
 With a Thwack, &c.

She shook off the straws and did nothing ail,
 Swearing there was no defence against a Fail,
 But quietly lay still,
 And bid me fill, fill, fill.
 Her Sack, &c.

But 'twas all in vain,
 For I had spilt my Grain,
 With a Thwack, &c.

(these ?

Farmer. Oh, Neighbour, Neighbour, what Times are
How long will't be e'er we shall have a Peace,
My Coat's out at Elbows, my Breeches at Knees,

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.
The Monsieur goes on in his former way,
The Troops are ready without their Pay,
To stare on each other in Battle Array.

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

Vicar. The Mob have been to Religion true,
Pull'd down the Red, and set up the Alew :
They have done their best, give the Devil his due,
With a Protestant active Endeavour.

Lawyer. And what no Nation before did dare,
The Coin is chang'd in a time of War,
Which shews we have Bullion enough and to spare.
Oh, would it may prove so for ever.

Citizen. And tho' Bank Bills we've discounted found,
And that for a Hundred, we've got but five Pound,
'Tis mill'd and it's pretty, it shines, and its round.
Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

The Clippers Trading is at an end,
I wish it may our Condition mend,
They've no Coin to clip now, nor we none to spend,
Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

Courtier. The King his Taxes no Friend can grutch,
Tho' Jacobites bawl that we lavish too much ;
That all runs away to the *French* and the *Dutch*,
And nothing is left more to drein Boys.

Citiz. But let us look within our doors,
How Backs and Bellies exhaust our stores,
Let's take up our Wives, and let's take down our Whores,
We've enough for another Campaign Boys.

Courtier.

Courtier. Tho' Citts cry out that they are undone,
A Cuckold's Profit can ne'er be gone ;
Their Wives are well rigg'd and Gold Laces still on.

O, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

Lawyer. Tho' Goldsmiths break too and shut up Door,
'Tis more to cheat ye, than want of Ore,
For Rogues will be Rogues, whether Wealthy or Poor.

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

Citizen. Great Joy will come from the Chequer Board,
When true Effects all our Tallies afford,

Cour. And all our new Medals come out of their Hoard,

That, that will be great Consolation.

Vicar. When each Man's Purse to our party leans,

And Senates study right ways and means,

Farmer, And large Sums of Gold comes from Bishops and
(Deans.

Then, then will be true Reformation.

Lawyer. Tho' Foreign Gamesters our Ruin Plot,

And in our Tables perceive a blot,

We'll win the Game afterwards with a why not.

Oh, *England*, thou art a sweet Nation.

Poor *Britain's* Troubles then soon relieve,

And in our stead, make our Enemies grieve,

The Peace will be settl'd, the Muses will live.

Then *England* will be a sweet Nation.

MAC BALLOR.



IF a woful sad Dirty to know thou art willing Man,
 Open thy Ears Joy, and then thou shalt see,
 To London, Mac Ba'lor a stout Inskilling Man,
 Seeking Brown Kate, by my Shoul am come eey :
 My Heart is sore wounded, sore wounded, sore.
 Ala Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, bone, Ob bone, bery Morah.

When

(Joy,
When the Valiant King *William* cross'd over the *Boyn*
And with broken Pates, made *Jack Papishes* flee;
Of Dragoons a brave Troop made a Gallop to joyn Joy,
And up with the foremost by Chreesht did come eey.
They were beaten sore, Curst and Swore, and did roar;
A la Boo, Boo, Boo, &c.

When I went with a Party, I Sung and was merry too,
Tho' Hunger gives small occasion to Laugh;
I without any Grumbling, fought in *London Derry* too,
Without one Dram of Snuff or U quebaugh,
Where we fed on Roots, stinking Fruits, old Jack-Boots.
A la Boo, Boo, Boo, &c.

(there
In a Skirmish near *Limerick*, on the Bank of the *Shannon*
Many stout Teagues were slain in time of Yout;
And at *Agrim* I narrowly 'scap'd the damn'd Cannon there,
Catching the Balls by my shoul in my Mout,
But tho' the Guns spar'd my Bones, Love Gad Zoons,
A la Boo, Boo, Boo, &c.

That Bully God *Mars*, tho' a Bug-bear they make him,
All arm'd like a Gun-smith, with Bullets and Fire
I defy but the little Whelp *Cupid*, plague take him,
Makes me grunt and doze like a Hog in the Mire:
She had Irish Siz', English Eyes, fat Dutch Thighs.
A la Boo, Boo, Boo, &c.

Heav'n make me a Cöbler, or make me a Broom-man.
Or cry Pudding, what a Plague call ye it i'th' Streets,
So I may no more pogue the Hone of a Woman.
Deel tauk me 't has hard me quite out of my Wits,
For when I get drunk, toap a Funk. in comes Punk.
A la Boo, Boo, Boo, Boo, hone, Oh hone, bery morab.

On a Beautiful Young Lady, walking in
Ham-Walks.



WAs it some Cherubim
 Sent down my Soul to win ;
 Or was it Beauties Queen,
 Blessing the Grove :
 Was it a Star from high,
 Drop'd from the Gallaxy :
 Or some Divinity,
 Ranging above.
 No, no, no, ah! no, no, no,
 'Twas Soul delighting *Celimene* ;
 She whose Grace,
 And charming Face,
 Inspires all with Love.

Da-

Damon's Retirement.



Damon fond of his peaceful retirement far from the
 (Town,
 With sweet *Cloris* upon the fresh bank of *Avon* sat down :
 Folding Arms there about her soft Neck, ye Pow'rs divine
 He cry'd, how vain are the Worlds gaudy trifles when *Clo-*
 (ris is mine.

Poor *Augusta* each hour thou survive'st new troubles still
 (brings.
 Toft and tumbled and banded about, 'twixt *Senates* and
 (Kings ;
 Time revolving thou ne'er art secure of what is thine,
 Then ah how happy am I that am sure that dear *Cloris* is
 (mine.

View.

View the Court and the Rays that shine they are dim'd
 (with a cloud,
 View the Country in spite of the Peace complainings are
 (loud;
 View the City, they'll swear their unhappy Trades de-
 (cline,
 Then blest am I that can say, Health, a Bottle, and *Cloris*
 (are mine.

The Scotch Parsons Daughter.

P*Eggy* in devotion,
 Bred from tender years;
 From my Loving motion,
 Still was call'd to Prayer's:
 I made muckle buffle,
 Love's dear fort to win:
 But the Kirk Apostle,
 Told her 'twas a Sin.

He

Fasting and repentance,
 And such Whining Cant ;
 With the Dooms-day sentence,
 Frighted my young Saint.
 He taught her the Duty,
 Heavenly Joys to know ;
 I that lik'd her Beauty,
 Taught her those below :

Nature took my part still,
 Sense did Reason blind ;
 That for all his Art still,
 She to me inclin'd :
 Strange Delight hereafter,
 Did so dull appear :
 She as I had taught her,
 Vow'd to share 'em here,

Faith 'tis worth your Laughter,
 'Mongst the canting Race ;
 Neither Son nor Daughter,
 Ever yet had Grace :
 Peggy on the Sunday,
 With her Daddy text ;
 Came to me on Monday,
 and forgot his Text.

Willy's Intreague; a New SONG.



'Twas



T Was when Summer was Rosie,
 In Woods and Fields many a Posy;
 When late young Flaxen-hair'd *Nelly*,
 Was way-ly'd by bonny black *Willey*:
 He Oagled her, and Teiz'd her,
 He Smuggled her and Squeez'd her,
 He Grabbled her too very near the belly;
 She cry'd I never will hear ye,
 Oh Lord! oh Lord! I can't bear ye,
 Ye tickle, tickle so, tickle, tickle so, *Willey*.

Soon the fit tho' was over,
 And *Nelley* her breath did recover:
 When *Willey* baited his Wooing,
 And coolly prepar'd to be going:
 When *Nelly* tho' he teiz'd her,
 And Grabbled her and Squeez'd her,
 Cry'd, stay a little I vow and swear I could kill ye,
 Another touch I can bear ye,
 Oh Lord! Oh Lord! I will hear ye,
 Then tickle me again, tickle me again, *Willey*.

A SONG Representing the going of a Pad.



When

VV Hen for Air
I take my Mare,
And mount her first,

Walk.

She walks just thus,
Her Head held low,
And Motion slow;
With Nodding, Plodding;
Wagging, Jogging,
Dashing, Plashing,
Snorting, Starting,
Whimsically she goes.
Then whig flirs up,

Trott.

Trott, Trott, Trott;
Ambling then with easy flight,

Pace.

She riggles like a Bride at Night;
Her shuffling hitch,
Regales my Britch;

Trott.

Whilst Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott,
Brings on the Gallop,

Gallop.

The Gallop, the Gallop.
The Gallop, and then a short

Trott.

Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott.
Straight again up and down,

Gallop.

Up and down, up and down,
Till she comes home with a Trott,

Trott.

When Night dark grows.

Just so *Pbills*,

Fair as Lillies:

W.

As her Face is,

Has her Paces:

And in Bed too,

Like my Pad too;

Nodding, Ploding,

Wagging, Jogging,

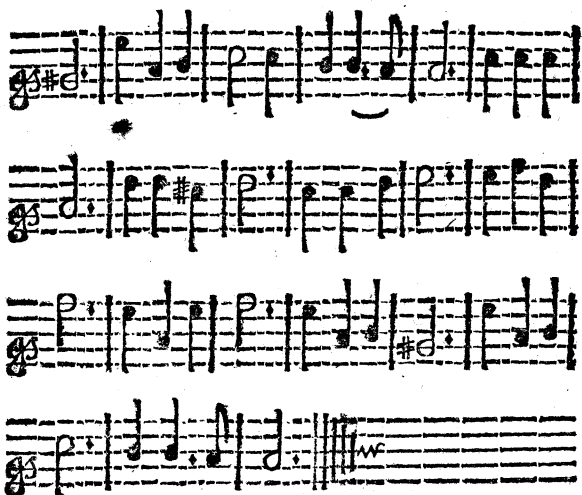
Dashing, Plashing,

Flirting, Spirtning;

- T. Artful are all her ways,
Hearts thump Pitt, Patt,
Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott.
- P. Ambling, then her Tongue gets loose,
Whilst wrigling near I press more close:
Ye Devil she cries;
I'll tear your Eyes;
- T. When Mane seiz'd,
Bum squeez'd.
- G. I Gallop, I Gallop, I Gallop, I Gallop,
T. And Trott, Trott, Trott, Trott.
- G. Streight agen up and down,
Up and down, up and down,
Till the last Jerke with a Trott,
T. Ends our Love chase.

A S O N G.





LET Monarchs fight for Pow'r and Fame,
 With noise and Arms Mankind Alarm;
 Let daily fears their quiet fright,
 And fear. disturb their rest at Night:
 Greatness shall ne'er my Soul enthrall,
 Give me content and I have all.

Hear mighty Love, to thee I call,
 Give me *Astrea*, she's my all,
 That soft, that Sweet, that charming Fair,
 Fate cannot hurt while I have her;
 She's Wealth and Pow'r, and only she,
Astrea's all the World to me.

A S O N G.



S Till I'm Wishing, still desiring,
 Still she's giving, I requiring;
 Yet each Gift I think too small,
 Still the more I am presented,
 Still the less I am contented;
 Tho' she vows she has given me all.

Can *Drusilla* give no more?
 Has she Lavish'd all her store?
 Must my Hopes to nothing fall?
 Oh you know not half your treasure;
 Give me more, give over measure,
 Yet you can never, never give me all.

A S O N G.



LET the Souldiers rejoyce,
 With a general Voice;
 And the *Senate* new Honours decree 'em:
 Who at his Armies-head,
 Struck the fell Monster dead;
 And so boldly, so boldly and bravely did free 'em.

To *Mars* let 'em raise,
 And their Emperors praise,
 A Trophy of the Armies own making,
 To *Maximinian* too,
 Some Honours are due;
 Who joyn'd in the brave undertaking.

With Flowers let 'em strow,
 The way as they go:
 Their Statutes with Garlands adorning,
 Who from Tyrannies night,
 Drove the Mist from their sight;
 And gave 'em a Glorious Morning.

A S O N G.



WHat shall I do to shew how much I love her,
How many Millions of Sighs can suffice;
That which wins other Hearts ne'er can move her,
Those common methods of Love she'll despise:

I will love more than Man e'er lov'd before me,
 Gaze on her all the day, and melt all the night,
 Till for her own sake at last she'll implore me,
 To Love her less to preserve our delight,

Since Gods themselves could not ever be Loving.
 Men must have breathing Recruits for new Joys ;
 I wish my Soul could be ever improving,
 Tho' eager Love, more than sorrow destroys.
 In fair *Aurelia's* Arms, leave me expiring,
 To be Imbalm'd with the sweets of her breath ;
 To the last moment I'll still be desiring ;
 Never had Hero so glorious a Death.

A S O N G.



Could



Could Man his wish obtain,
 How happy would he be?
 But wishes seldom gain,
 And hopes are but in vain,
 If Fortune disagree:
 Pity ye Pow'rs of Love,
 Our infelicity,
 Why should the Fates conspire,
 To frustrate my desire,
 Since Love's a gentle fire,
 That keeps the World alive:
 But me it puts to pain;
 It makes me wish in vain, in vain,
 Nor promise any hopes to give.

I love, and still I view,
 Yet dare not tell my mind;
 Should I my Flames pursue,
 It might that Bliss undo,
 Which is for her design'd.
 A Blessing far above,
 More lasting, rich, and kind;
 Though hopes successful prove
 My heart shall ne'er remove
 From wishing of her Love,
 In Fortune's Triumphs lead:
 And though it banish me,
 If she but happy be,
 'Twould please my Ghost when I am dead.

A S O N G.



WH Y does the Morn in Blushes rise,
 Tell me, O God of days?
 Clarona, oh! Clarona's Eyes,
 Out-shine the brightest Rays.
 'Tis true, 'tis true, she's far more bright,
 Dim taper God be gone,
 And hide thy baffled Beams in Night,
 Let her rule Day alone.

If Anchorite-like, full twenty Years
 On Earth's cold Bed I'd lain,
 And woo'd the Gods with Fasts and Pray'rs,
 Celestial Crowns to gain:
 Yet after all, could you but love,
 No more would I pursue
 The endless search of Joys above,
 But find out Heav'n in you.

A SONG.



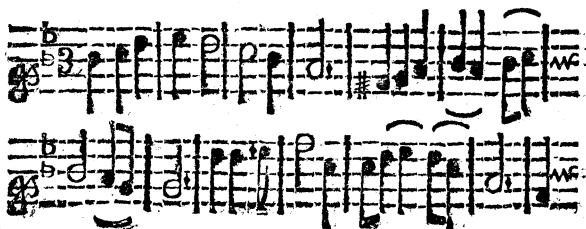
FArweel bonny *Wully Craig*,
 Farweel to au thy broken Vows to me:
 Thou wast a lovely Lad,
 When on the Grass thou tempted'st me,
 Full oft have I dry'd mine Eyn,
 When by my self to Milking I have gean;
 Oft have I gift the Green,
 Where *Wully* vow'd to be my Swain,

Sea neat was my conny Lad,
 With new Ruffet Shoon, and *Holland Band* ;
 But now he's won his way,
 With Maiden-head, and Leve and au :
 His Locks were sea finely seam'd
 And shone as bright as any in the Land ;
 But now he's won his way,
 With Maiden-head, and Leve and au.

He ene thraw away my Skeel,
 And gang nea mere to yonder fatal Brow,
 Where I was pleas'd sea weel,
 But now I feel meer ner others do :
 He took me by the wulling hand,
 And vow'd to Hea'n how he wad constant be,
 When levingly we laid
 Under the shade of the Wulow-tree.

But ah ! when the Loon had deun,
 He nothing more of Love cou'd shew ;
 But now he's won his way,
 With Maiden-head, and Leve and au.
 My Weam now begins to fill,
 And feun the bonnay Bird will crow,
 Tho' he was won his way,
 With Maiden-head, and Leve and au.

A S O N G.





IN Courts, Ambition kills the great;
 In Cities, strive for needless gain;
 Some do in Battels meet their Fate,
 But I by Love, by Love, am slain;
Phaeton by Thunder, Thunder dy'd,
Prometheus by the Vultures Pain;
 This doom'd for Stealth, and that for Pride,
 But I by Love, by Love am slain.

Let noisy desperate Fools be brave,
 And build up Trophies to the Sky;
 My only Wish, ye Gods I have,
 When at *Clorinda's* Feet I die:
 When I like some to Greatness born,
 To Fame and Empire rais'd up high;
 That Fame, that Empire I wou'd scorn,
 And at *Clorinda's* Feet wou'd die.

A S O N G.



T Here is one black and sullen hour,
 Which Fate decreed our Life should know ;
 Else we should slight Almighty Pow'r,
 Rapt with the Joys we find below.
 'Tis past, dear *Cynthia* ! now let Frowns be gone,
 A long, long penance I have done,
 A long, long Penance I have done,
 For Crimes alas ! to me unknown.

In each soft Hour of silent Night,
 Your Image in my Dreams appears;
 I grasp the Soul of my Delight,
 Slumber in Joy, but wake in Tears.
 'Ah faithless charming Saint! what will you do!
 Let me not think I am by you!
 Let me not think I am by you
 Lov'd worse, lov'd worse for being true.

A Dialogue between Philander, and Sylvia.



Philan. I N a Defart in *Greenland*,
Where the Sun ne'er casts Eye,
In contempt of all the World,
I cou'd live with thee my Joy.

Sylvia. O n the Sands of *scorched Africk*,
Where the Sun burnt Natives fry;
Blest with thee my dear *Philander*,
I cou'd choose to live and die.

Philan. No Nymph, with her fly subtle Art,
E'er shall have pow'r to steal my Heart
Thou art all in all in ev'ry part;
Each Vein of me shall ever be panting for love of thee.

Sylvia. No Swain with his Wit, Wealth or Art
E'er shall have pow'r to storm my Heart;
Thou art all in all in ev'ry part,
Each Vein of me shall ever be panting for love of thee.

The

The Serenade, a Song in the Injur'd Princess, or a fatal Wager, Set by Colonel Pack.



THe Larks awake the drouzy morn
 My dearest lovely *Cloe* rise,
 And with thy dazzling Rays adorn,
 The ample World and Azure Skies:
 Each eye of thine out shines the Sun,
 Tho' deckt in all his Light,
 As much as he excells the Moon,
 Or each small twinkling Star at Noon,
 Or Meteor of the Night.

Look down and see your Beauty's power
See, see the heart in which you reign;
No Conquer'd slave in Triumph bore,
Did ever wear so strong a Chain :
Feed me with smiles that I may live,
I'll ne'er wish to be free;
Nor ever hope for kind Reprieve,
Or Loves greatful bondage leave,
For Immortality.

A S O N G.



Celia,



C*elia*, that I once was blest,
is now the torment of my breast:

Since to cure me,

You bereave me,

Of the Pleasure I possess;

Cruel Creature to deceive me;

First to love and then to leave me;

Cruel Creature to deceive me,

First to love and then to leave me.

Had you the Bliss refus'd to grant,
I then had never known the want;

But possessing,

Once the Blessing,

Is the cause of my complaint:

once possessing is but tasting,

'Tis no Bliss that is not lasting.

Celia, now is mine no more,

But I'm hers and must adore;

Nor to leave her,

Will endeavour,

Charms that captiv'd me before,

No unkindness can dissolve,

Love that's true is Love for ever.

A S O N G.



FOR *Iris* I sigh and hourly die,
 But not for a Lip nor a languishing Eye ;
 She's Fickle and False, and there we agree,
 Oh! these are the Virtues that Captivate me :
 We neither believe what either can say,
 And neither believing we neither betray.

'Tis civil to swear and say things of course,
 We mean not the taking for Better for Worse,
 When present we Love, when absent agree,
 I think not of *Iris*, nor *Iris* of me:
 The Legend of Love, no couple can find,
 So easie to part, and so easily joyn'd.

A S O N G.



When *Aurelia* first I Courted,
 She had Youth and Beauty too;
 Killing Pleasures when she Sported,
 And her Charms were ever New:
 Conqu'ring time does now deceive her;
 Which her Glories did uphold:
 All her Arts can ne'er retrieve her,
 Poor *Aurelia's* growing old.

The Airy Spirits which invited,
 Are retir'd, and move no more;
 And her Eyes are now benighted,
 Which were Comets heretofore:
 Want of these abates her merits,
 Yet I've Passion for her Name:
 Only kind and Active Spirits
 Kindle, and maintain the Flame.

A S O N G.



Happy the Time when free from Love,
 I rang'd the Woods and ev'ry Grove;
 I minded not the Great Ones fall,
 Nor whom Ambition did enthrall,
I minded not, &c.

My only care was how to keep,
 From cruel Wolves my harmless Sheep:
 But tho' from Wolves my Sheep I kept,
 None could my Heart from Love protect,
But tho', &c.

There is not one upon these Plains,
 That loves like me of all the Swains;
 But I have learn'd now to my cost,
 That who love's best must suffer most.
But I have, &c.

A S O N G.



In the Shade upon the Grass;
 Where Nymphs and Shepherds lye;
Will was courting of a Lass,
 And *Nell* stood list'ning by;
 Quoth *Will* you will not tarry
 Two Months before you marry.
 Eye, no, fye, no, never tell me so;
 For a Maid I'll live and dye,
 Quoth *Nell*, so will not I.

Long Debates in Hopes and Fears,
 With Kisses mixt between,
 With a Song he charm'd her Ears
 How Minds have alter'd been;
 Finding his Love grown stronger,
 For fear of staying longer,
 Cry'd, Good now, pray now, If you love me let me go,
 For fear you change my Mind,
 And leave my Heart behind.

A S O N G.



Whist



V Whilst *Europe* is alarm'd with Wars
 And *Rome* foment's the Christian Jars;
 Whilst *Europe* is alarm'd with Wars,
 And *Rome* foment's the Christian Jars;
 Whilst guilty *Britain* fears her Fate,
 And would repent her Crimes too late,
 And would repent her Crimes too late.

Here safe in my confin'd retreat,
 I see the Waves about me beat,
 And envy none, and envy none,
 That dare be great,
 Envy none that dare be great.

A quiet Conscience, and a Friend,
 Help me my happy Hours to spend;
 Let *Celia* to my Cell resort,
 She turns my Prison to a Court,
 Instead of Guards by day and night,
 Let *Celia* still be in my sight,
 And then they need not fear my flight.

Could sense of Servile fear prevail,
 Or could my Native Humour fail,
 Her sight would all my Doubts controul,
 And give me back my peaceful Soul.
 Such charming Truths her Words contain,
 Or if her Angel Voice refrain,
 Her Eyes can never plead in vain.

A S O N G.



THe Fire of Love in Youthful Blood,
 Like what is kindled in brush Wood,
 But for a moment burns;
 Yet in that moment makes a mighty Noise,
 It crackles, and to Vapours turns,
 And soon it self, it self destroys,
 And soon it self, it self destroys.

But when crept into Aged Veins,
 It slowly burns, and long remains:
 And with a sullen Heat,
 Like Fire in Log, it glows and warms 'em long;
 And tho' the Flame be not so great,
 Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong,
 Yet is the Heat, the Heat as strong.

A S O N G.



Farewel the Darling Shades I love,
 The calm retirement of my Life,
 Where Pleasures boundless as above,
 Free from all Envy, Noise, or Strife:
 No Passions e'er infest the Plains,
 Contentment there immortal reigns;
 No Passions e'er infest the Plains, &c.

Were I to choose what Fate denies,
 Could I command my Frowning Stars,
 Cities should in Confusion lie,
 E'er I'd embrace their restless Cares:
 Oh! that I might near gentle Streams,
 Spend my dull Hours in Golden Dreams.

POEMS on several Occasions.

PROLOGUE, By Sir John Falstaff,

SEE, Britains, see, one half before your Eyes,
Of the old *Falstaff*, lab'ring to arise:
Curse on the strait-lac'd Traps, and *French* Machines;
None but a Genius can ascend these Scenes.

Once more my *English* Air I breath again,
And smooth my double Ruff, and double Chin,
Now let me see what Beauties gild the Sphere,
Body o'me, the Ladies still are fair:
The Boxes shine, and Galleries are full,
Such were our *Bona Roba's* at the *Bull*:
But supream *Jove*! what washy Rogues are here,
Are these the Sons of Beef and *English* Beer?
Old *Pharaoh* never dream'd of kine so lean,
This comes of meagre Soop, and soure *Champeign*,
Degenerate Race, let your old Sire advise,
If you desire to fill the Fair one's Eyes,
Drink unctuous Sack, and emulate my Size.
Your half-flown Strains aspire to humble Bliss,
And proudly aim no lower than a Kiss;
Till quite worn out with aking Beau's and Wits,
You're all sent crawling to the Gravel-pits;
Pretending Claps, there languishing you lie,
And like the Maids, of the *Green-sickness* die:

The Case was other when we rul'd the Roast,
We Robb'd and Ravish'd, but you Sigh and Toast.

But here I see a side Box better lin'd,
Where old plump *Jack* in Miniature I find,
Tho' they're but Turn-spits of the Mastiff kind.
Half-bred they seem, mark'd with the Mungril Curse,
Oons, which amongst you dare attempt a Purse?
If you'd appear my Sons, defend my Cause,
And let my Wit and Humour meet Applause:
Shew you disdain those nauseous Scenes to taste,
Where *French Buffoon's* like honest *Switzer* dress,
Turns all good Fellowship to Farce and Jest.
Banish such Apes, and save the sinking Stage,
Let Mimicks and squeaking Eunuchs feel your Rage;
On such let your descending Scourge be try'd;
Preserve plump *Jack*, and banish all beside.

Richmond W E L L S.

By Mr. Herbert.

B*landusia*! Nymph of this fair Spring,
Appear, while we your Vertues sing;
While swelling Notes do raise your Name,
And flowing Numbers spread your Fame.

See! round your Wells we thronging stand;
Now gently wave your Sacred Wand,
And touch the yielding Mountain's Brow,
And let your healing Waters flow.

They

They cure the thinking Matron's Spleen:
The longing Virginia's sickly Green,
Cool the good Fellow's glowing Veins,
And purge a raving Poet's Brains.

You mingle with 'em purest Air,
Which streams from Hills that touch the Sky:
That spacious Valley yield the Fair,
Which feeds the vast luxurious Eye.

The greatest Dainties here we see!
Delicious Villa's, sweetest Groves;
Each Thing in full Maturity,
Which courts the Eye, or Fancy moves.

With what Varieties the bright,
The noble Thames regales the Sight!
Cover'd with Barks which Plenty brings
The Sweets of Zephyr's laden Wings.

His gliding by *Elysian* Fields,
In frequent Twines strange Pleasure yields;
And those so near fair watry Plains,
Where ride such royal Fleets of Swains.

Two Chiefs I've seen with pleasing Pain,
A long and bloody Fight maintain;
Ruffled and under Sail like *Jove*,
Steming the stronger Tide of Love:

*The Inspir'd POET : Or, the Power of Love.
Sent in a Letter, from a mean Person to a
Countess.*

Read, fairest of the Graces, read my Lines,
Thou, that so justly with that Title shines.
Let Love's soft Fire by degrees diffuse,
And warm your snowy Breast as you peruse,
Me the *Pierian* Sisters do approve,
Not one of all the Nine, disdains my Love.
A thousand beauteous Nymphs have sought my Bed,
A thousand Girls challeng'd the Vows I made.
All *Galatea* were despis'd by me,
As soon as I had Hopes of bedding thee ;
And if thou wilt thy sacred Poet wed,
The *Muses* shall adorn the Bridal-Bed :
Orpheus shall strike his high resounding Wire,
And great *Apollo* touch his softer Lyre :
Clio shall be thy Hand-maid, and for State,
The *Graces* in thy Bed-chamber shall wait.
But lest you should my Love condemn or jeer,
Something I have to whisper in your Ear :
On Mount *Parnassus* I've a little Farm,
'Twill match thy Portion, so there is no harm :
Here Ivy Lawrels grow, which crown my Themes,
And Wit's still flowing in my purling Streams.
From hence, the Glories of the World you see ;
Parnassus Tops are Paradise to me.
My Way to Heaven's short, *Pegasus* flies,
And, free as Air, soon mounts me to the Skies.
Minerva has a noble Seat near mine,
So has *Apollo*, so the sacred Nine.

Then,

Then, all the Poets my Companions are,
 They, and sweet Musick, still my Spirits cheer :
Homer and *Virgil* in their turns rehearse,
 The two great Masters in Heroick Verse,
 The Satyrift diverts, when scourging Knaves,
 And sometimes he corrects my pilf'ring Slaves.
 Dear *Horace* makes me smile my Spleen at height,
 His tickling Muse oft makes me laugh out-right.
Musaëus, *Hero* and *Leander* sings,
 And *Hesiod's* Verse relate most wondrous things :
Maro, *Theocritus* Pastoral refines,
Pythagoras Morals draws in golden Lines :
 Blind aged *Homer* bloody Battles writes,
 Whilst youthful *Ovid Billet-deux* indites :
 And *Mercury* from *Phæbus* came just now,
 And brought these Lawrel Branches for thy Brow.
 From *Nisa's* top, he's now a calling thee,
 And summons all the Tribe of Poesie ;
 A Banquet for you Poets does prepare,
 And rich old *Nector* crowns the Bill of Fare :
 You've Water from the clear *Pegasean* Fount,
 And thou shalt sleep on quiet *Cyrrha's* Mount.
 Here Verse runs streaming from the sacred Spring,
 And when thou wak'st, thou wilt like *Ennius* sing.
Orpheus, *Arion* will be here and Play,
 And all the Nymphs and Satyrs the Hay ;
 This *Mercury* did grant at my desire,
 And I will add thee to the Muses Choir.
 With Goddesses, thy Sociates, shalt thou play,
 They shall be Bride-maids on the Wedding-day,
Clio and all her Sisters I'll invite,
Minerva too, shall throw the Hose at Night.

Divine *Apollo* late did visit me,
 My Cottage seem'd to please his Deity,
 My Lawrel Crown was sent me by that God,
 And *Mercury* for Scepter left his Rod.

My House is on the Fam'd *Parnassus* Hill,
 Where my two Steeds, of *Nectar* drink their fill:
 A King I am, in *Phocis* reign, and sit
 On Great *Tibullus* Throne, that Prince of Wit.
Cyrra's the kingdom that's design'd for thee,
 And when we Bed, thou shalt be Queen of me:
 And when the Ivy Wreath's fix'd on thy Brow,
 The Nymphs shall frown and Envy as they Bow.
 In the same Chariot thou shalt with me ride,
 And *Pegasus* himself shall draw my Bride.
 He'll carry thee my Spouse, up to the Skies,
 Thou shalt be *Pallas* as the Chariot flies.
 As *Phœbus* through the World does dart his Rays,
 And from the Throne his Lucid Realms surveys:
 So through the Orbs, my Verse refulgent shines,
 All shall be full of my most dazling Lines:
 My Fame shall last, Ages to come shall know it;
 The self-same day shall end the *Sun* and *Poet*.
 Romantick Flames shall burn the Starry Plain,
 And Earth and Seas be *Chaos* once again.
 My Verse shall on the Gen'ral Pile Expire,
 Mine and the World's, one Flame shall set on Fire
 Angels shall mourn the Fate of this World's Frame
 And snatch my Works from the devouring Flame.
 The droffy part of Earth, of Verse consumes,
 The best remains ascend in hallowed Fumes.
 From Thunder, Lightning, are my Verses safe,
 The pointed Flame won't touch a Lawrel Leaf.
 The Teeth of Time, or Envy, or her Tongue,
 Have not the Power to do my Verses wrong,
 Then don't thy Lawrel'd Lover now refuse,
 Thou, dearer to me, than the dearest Muse,

Ex Parnasso.

J. P.

To

To chuse a Friend, but never Marry.

By the Earl of Rochester.

TO all young Men that love to Woe,
 To Kifs and Dance, and Tumble too;
 Draw near and Counsel take of me,
 Your faithful Pilot I will be.
 Kifs who you please, *Joan*, *Kate*, or *Mary*,
 But still this Counsel with you carry,
 Never Marry.

Court not a Country Lady, she
 Knows not how to value thee;
 She hath no Am'rous Passion, but
 What *Tray*, or *Quando* has for *Slut*;
 To Lick, to Whine, to Frisk, or Cover,
 She'll suffer thee, or any other,
 Thus to Love her,

Her Daughter she's now come to Town,
 In a rich Linsey Woolsey Gown:
 About her Neck a valued Prize,
 A Necklace made of Whittings Eyes,
 With Liff for Garters 'bove her knee,
 And Breath that smells of Firmity
 's not for thee.

Of Widows Witchcrafts have a care,
 For if they catch you in their Snare,
 You must as daily Labourers do,
 Be still a shoving with your Plow:
 If any rest you do require,
 They then deceive you of your Hire,
 and retire.

The

The Maiden Ladies of the Town,
 Are scarcely worth your throwing down;
 For when you have possession got,
 Of *Venus* Mark, or Hony-pot,
 There's such a stir with marry me,
 That one would half forswear to see

Any She.

If that thy Fancy do desire,
 A glorious out-side, rich Attire,
 Come to the Court, and there you'll find
 Enough of such to Please your Mind:
 But if you get too near their Lap,
 You're sure to meet with the Mishap,
 Call'd a Clap.

With greasy painted Faces drest,
 With butter'd Hair, and fucus'd Breast;
 Tongues with Dissimulation tipt,
 Lips which a Million have them sipp'd:
 There's nothing got by such as these,
 But Ach's in Shoulders, Pains in Knees,
 For your Feet.

In fine, if thou delight'st to be,
 Concern'd in Woman's Company,
 Make it the Studies of thy Life,
 To find a rich, young, handsome Wife;
 That can with much discretion be
 Dear to her Husband, kind to thee,
 Secretly.

In such a Mistress, there's the Bliss,
 Ten thousand joys wrapt in a Kiss;
 And in th' Embraces of her Wast,
 A Million more of Pleasures taste.
 Who e'er would Marry that could be
 Blest with such Opportunity,

Never me.

The

The Well-Featur'd L A D Y.

THere are I know, Fools that do not care
Much for the Body, so the Face be fair,
Some other Asses in a Female Creature,
Respect no Beauty, but a handsom Feature.
Each Man his Humour hath, and faith 'tis mine
To love a Woman that I now define.
First, I would have her wrinkl'd Wainscot Face;
With Mouth from Ear to Ear, much like a Plaice :
Her Nose I'd have a Foot long, not above,
With Pimples Red and Blew, for such I love ;
And at the End a comly Pearl of Snout,
Confid'ring whether it should fall or not :
Provided next her Teeth be rotted out,
I care not if her pretty pearly Snout
Meet with her Chin, and both of them together
Hem in her Lips, as dry as is tann'd Leather.
She should have one Wall-eye, for that's a Sign
In other Beasts the best, why not in mine ?
Let her Eye-brows be a Pent-house to her Face,
With Hair two Inches long, for th' better Grace,
Her Neck I'd have to be pure Jet at least,
With yellow Spots enamel'd, and her Breast
Shrivell'd like two old Bottles made of Leather,
Yet they should loving be and stick together.
As for her Belly, 'tis no matter so
There be a Belly, and a Thing below ;
Yet would I have it to be something high,
But always let there be a Tinpany.
Into her Legs let her good Humours fall,
And all her Calf into a gouty Small :

Her

Her Feet both short and thick, and neatly splay'd :
 Here's the Character of a handfom Maid,
 As for her back Parts, I desire no more,
 If they but answer those that are before :
 I have what I desire ; and having so,
 Judge Reader, am I happy, yea, or no ?

On a Wolf Sentenc'd.

TH E Country People once a Wolf did take,
 That of their Sheep and Lambs did havock make ;
 Some Voted that he should be Crucify'd,
 Others would have him in the Fire be fry'd ;
 Some to be hew'd in Pieces with a Sword,
 And to be thrown to Dogs to be devour'd.
 Among the rest, one who unlucky Fate
 Had doom'd to th' Troubles of a married State :
 [The common Lot of Men] oh ! Friends [says he]
 Lay by your Forks, and Ropes that knotty be,
 The Sword, the Fire, the Guns, the Cross, the Whips,
 Are but slight Tortures, I have one out-strips
 All those, if you would punish him to th' Life,
 Fit for his Crimes, then *let him wed a Wife,*

Round

Round O.

BETTER our Heads than Hearts should ake,
Love's Childish Empire we despise :
Good Wine of him a Slave can make,
And force a Lover to be Wise.
Wine sweetens all the Cares of Peace,
And takes the Terror off from War ;
To Love's Affliction it gives ease,
And to our Joys does best prepare.
Better our Heads, &c.

By Cleaveland.

IF you will be still,
Then tell you I will
Of a fusty old *Gill*,
That dwells under a Hill ;
She is a right Sage,
Well worn with Age,
And a Visage will swage
A stout Man's Courage.

She has a beetle Brow,
Deep Furrows enow ;
She's Ey'd like a Sow,
Flat Nos'd like a Cow ;
She has a devilish Grin,
Long Hairs on her Chin,
She's nearly a-kin
To the foul footed Flend!

Teeth

Teeth yellow as Box,
Half out with the Pox,
Her Breath sweet as Soeks,
Or the Scent of a Fox :
Lips swarthy and Dun,
With a Mouth like a Gun,
And her Twattle does run
As swift as the Sun.

Hair lowzy with Nits,
She stinks i'th' Arm-pits,
She still hawks, and spits,
And hems up great Bits.
She has long unpar'd Nails,
Hands cover'd with Scales,
She's still full of Ails,
And to stink never fails.

Her Back has a Hill,
You may plant a Wind-mill,
And the Farts of this *Gill*,
Would the Sails well trill,
I've taken my fill
Of the fusty old *Gill*,
Which she took so ill,
That I laid down my Quill.